

THE  
T E M P L E.  
Sacred Poems, and  
private ejacula-  
tions.

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*The seventh Edition.*

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P S A L. 29.

*In his Temple doth every man speak  
of his honour.*


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147. 2. 616







## The Printer to the Reader.



He dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the *divine Majesty* only, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it? Much lesse think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have beene inspired by a diviner breath, then flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of support, or ornament, more then is included in it self. Weleave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgement, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusall. Onely for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person;

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his oratourship in the Univerſitie, together with that knowledge vvhich the Kings Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at Gods Altar, then to seek the ho-

State-employments. As for those inward engagements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing verses beare witness of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet, not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithfull discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more, for the age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Iesus Christ, to adde, *My Master*.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements, drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him dayly in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiasticall dignitie, which he was possessor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for reedifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruined almost twenty yeares. The reparation whereof  
having

having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especiall good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ*: Otherwise then in this respect he could find nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader. We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

*Lesse then the least of Gods mercies.*



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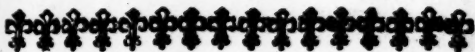
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## ¶ The Dedication.

**L**Ord, my first-fruits present themselves to thee;  
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,  
And must return. Accept of them and me,  
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.  
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:  
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.



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I  
The Church-porch.  
*Perirrhanterium.*

**T**Hou, whose sweet youth and early hopes in-  
hance  
Thy rate and price, and marke thee for a  
treasure;  
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance  
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure,  
A verse may finde him who a Sermon likes,  
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust, it doth pollute and foul  
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his owne blood.  
It blots the lesson written in thy soul;  
The holy lines cannot be understood.  
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,  
Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord  
Allows thee choyce of paths: take no by-ways;  
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;  
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stayes.  
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and so  
If rottenesse have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly  
Man would have been th'incloser: but since now  
God hath impar'd us, on the contrary  
Man breakes the fence, and every ground will plow.  
O what were man, might he be in the mid place;  
Sure to be cross: he would shift feet and face.

## *The Church-porch.*

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,  
When once it is within thee; but before  
Mayst rule it as thou list: and powre the shame,  
Which it would powre on thee, upon the floore.  
It is most iust to throw that on the ground,  
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill  
Bigge with his sister: he hath lost the reins,  
Is outlawd by himself: all kind of ill  
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.  
The drunkard forfeits man, and doth deuest  
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-spring mind,  
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure  
Short of his canne and body: must I find  
A pain in that wherein he findes a pleasure?  
Stay at the third glasse: if thou lose thy hold,  
Then thou art modest, and the wine growes bold.

If reason move not Gallant, quit the room,  
(All in a shipwrack shifte their severall way)  
Let not a common ruine thee intombe:  
Be not a beast in courtesie; but stay,  
Stay at the third cup, or forgoe the place.  
Wine above all things doth Gods stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonnesse,  
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory.  
Frailty gets pardon by submissivnesse;  
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story:  
He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie  
With his poore god of earth the spacious skie.



## The Church porch.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:  
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.  
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain:  
But the cheap swearer through his open lute  
Lets his soule run for nought, as little fearing:  
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein  
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:  
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.  
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.  
Play not away the vertue of that name,  
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee lame.

The cheapest finnes most dearly punisht are;  
Because to shun them also is so cheap:  
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.  
O crumble not away thy soules faire heap.  
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:  
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:  
Cowards tell lies, and those that feare the rod;  
The stormy working soule spits lies and froth.  
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lye:  
A fault, which needs it most, growes two thereby.

Fly idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flye  
By dressing, mistressing and complement.  
If thou take up thy day, the sunne will cry  
Against thee: for his light was onely lent.  
God gave thy soule brave wings; put not those fea-  
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

## *The Church-parch.*

Art thou a Magistrate? Then be severe :  
If studious, copie faire what time hath blurr'd  
Redeem truth from his jawes : if Souldier,  
Chase brave imployments with a naked sword  
Throughout the world. Fool not : for all may have,  
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England full of sin, but most of sloth !  
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glory :  
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth  
Transfus'd a sheepinesse into thy story :  
Not that they all are so ; but that the most  
Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education:  
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonnet:  
Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion :  
Some ship them over, and the thing is done,  
Study this Art, make it thy great designe :  
And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but doe not breed  
A milt'ring mind; so both are lost thereby :  
Or else they breed them tender, make them need  
All that they leave : this is flat poverty.

For he that needs five thousand pound to live,  
Is full as poore as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich, is to fill  
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches ;  
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill  
To feel those tempests which flye over ditches.  
But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,  
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

## *The Church-porch.*

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)  
Be sure to do it, though it be but small.

Constance knits the bones, and makes us flowre,  
When wanton pleasures becken us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himselfe;  
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelfe.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:

Think the King sees thee still: for his King does.

Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie:

Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.

Who fears to doe ill, sets himself to task;

Who feares to doe well, sure would weare a mask.

Look to thy mouth, diseases enter there.

Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call;

Carve, or discourse; doe not a famine feare.

Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;

And say withall, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,

Then liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?

Houses are built by rule, and common wealths.

Entice the trusty Sunne, if that you can,

From his Ecliptick line; becken the sky.

Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himselfe, is slack,

And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.

Man is a shop of Rules, a well-trust pack,

Whose every parcell under-writes a law.

Lose not thy selfe, nor give thy humours way:

God gave them to thee under lock and key.

## The Church-parable

By all means use sometimes to be alone  
Salute thy selfe : see what thy soule doth weare.  
Dare to looke in thy chest ; for tis thine owne :  
And tumble up and down what thou hadst there.  
Who cannot rest till he good fellowes find,  
He breaks up house, turnes out of doores his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give  
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.  
Never was scraper brave man, Get to live ;  
Then live, and use it, else it is not true.  
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone  
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make  
Ev'n with the years ; but age, if it will hit,  
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,  
As the day lessens, and his life with it.  
Thy children, kindred, friends, upon thee call,  
Before thy journey fairly part, with all.

Yet in thy striving still misdoubt some evil ;  
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme  
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurers devill,  
Whom when he thinkes he hath, the diuell hath him.  
Gold thou mayst safely touch ; but if it stick  
Unto thy hands, it wounderth to the quick.

What skills it if a bag of stones or gold  
About thy neck do drown thee ? raise thy head ;  
Take starres for money ; starres not to be told  
By any art, yet to be purchased.  
None is so wastfull as the scraping dame :  
She loseth three for one ; her soule, rest, fame.

## *The Church porch.*

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By no meanes run in debt: take thine owne measure.  
Who cannot live on twenty pound a yeare,  
Cannot on fourty: hee's a man of pleasure,  
A kinde of thing that's for it selfe too deare.  
The curious unthrif makes his clothes too wide,  
And spares himselfe, but would his Taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes  
Do fortunes seeke, when worth and service faile,  
Would have their tale beleev'd for their oathes,  
And are like empty vessels under saile.  
Old Courtiers know this: therefore set out so,  
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes cheap handsomnesse doth beare the bell.  
Wisedom's a trimmer thing then shop e're gave.  
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;  
But this with my discretion will be brave.  
Much curiosnesse is a perpetuall wooing  
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more  
Then he can lose with pleasure, shakes his heart;  
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore:  
Servants and Churches also play their part.  
Onely a herald, who that way doth passe,  
Finds his crackt name at length in the church glasse.

If yet thou love game at so deare a rate,  
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:  
Dost lose? Rise up: Dost win? Rise in that state.  
Who strive to sit out losing hands, are lost.  
Game is a civill gunpowder, in peace  
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

## *The Church-porch.*

In conversation boldnesse now beares sway.  
But know that nothing can so foolish be,  
As empty boldnesse : therefore first assay  
To stiffe thy mind with solid bravery ;  
Then march on gallant : get substantiall worth,  
Boldnesse gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowred?  
Then keep such company; make them thy allay :  
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre,  
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.  
Command thy self in chief. He lifes warre knowes,  
Whom all his passion followes as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak  
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.  
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twich with break ;  
By great deeds shew, that thou canst little doe ;  
And doe them not : that shall thy wisdom be ;  
And change thy temperance into bravery.

What thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,  
Tis a thin web, which poysonous fancies make :  
But the great souldiers honour was compos'd  
Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.  
Wisdom picks friends; civility playes the rest.  
A toy shun'd cleanly, passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least :  
For wit is newes onely to ignorance.  
Lesse at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest,  
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.  
Make not thy sport, abuses : for the Fly  
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

## *The Church-parch.*

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,  
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse.  
These are the scum, with which course wits abound;  
The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.  
All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain  
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking  
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.  
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;  
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.  
Many affecting wit beyond their power,  
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,  
That leads the Van, and swallows up the Cities.  
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection  
Or a fir'd beaçon frighreth from his duties.  
Then he's the sport: the mirth then in him rests,  
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse;  
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take  
Nothing from thine: in service, care or coldnesse  
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.  
Feed no man in his sinnes: for adulation  
Doth make thee parcel-divell in damnation.

Envie not greatnesse: for thou mak'st thereby  
Thy self the worse, and so the distance greater.  
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousie,  
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,  
Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions spice;  
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

## The Church-parish.

When baseness is exalted, doe not bare  
The place its honour, for the persons sake.  
The Urine is that which thou dost venerate;  
And not the beast that beares it on his backe.

I care not though the cloth of State should be  
Not of rich Arras, but mean tapestrie.

Thy friend put in thy bosome I wear his eyes  
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.  
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;  
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his feare:  
But love is lost, the way of friendship's gone,  
Though David had his *rombun*; *Chis* his *Job*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a Father.  
Love is a personall debt. I cannot give  
My childrens right, nor ought to take it: rather  
Both friends should die, then hinder them to live.  
Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;  
And are her sureties, ere they are a friends.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground  
Submit to love; but yet not more then all.  
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound  
To work for two, who brought himselfe to thrall.  
God made me one man; love makes me no more,  
Till labour come, and make my weaknesse scoure.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please  
All such is courteous, usefull, new or wittie.  
Usefulnesse comes by labour, wit by ease;  
Courtesie growes in Court; newes in the Citle.  
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card:  
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.



Entice all neatly to what they know best;  
For so thou dost thy selfe and him a pleasure:  
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,  
Rather then show his cards) steale from his treasure  
What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd doe locke  
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy flock.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all  
That thou canst speak, at once; but husband it,  
And give men turnes of speech: doe not forestall  
By lavishnesse thine own and others wit,  
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civill guest  
Will no more talk all, then eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing: for fiercenesse makes  
Arguing a fault, and truth discourtesie.  
Why should I feele another mans mistakes  
More then his sicknesses or poverty?  
In love I should: but anger is not love,  
Nor wisdom neither: therefore gently move;

Calmnesse is great advantage: he that lets  
Another chafe, may warme him at his fire,  
Marke all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;  
As cunning Fencers suffer heat to tire.  
Truth dwels not in the clouds: the bow that's there,  
Doth often aime at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another sayes: for many are  
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion,  
Take all into thee; then with equall care  
Balance each dramme of reason, like a potion.  
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both;  
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be usefull where thou livest, that they may  
 Both want and with thy pleasing presence still.  
 Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way  
 To, compasse this. Finde out mens wants and will,  
 And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse  
 To that one joy of doing kindnesse.

X Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;  
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:  
 Sink not in spirit. Who aimeth at the sky,  
 X Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.  
 A grain of glory mixt with humblenesse  
 Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,  
 And when, and how the businesse may be done.  
 Slacknesse breeds wormes; but the sure traveller,  
 Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.  
 Active and stirring spirits live alone.  
 Write on the others, Here lies such an one.

X Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be  
 In love or honour; take account of all;  
 Shine like the sunne in every corner: see  
 Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.  
 Who say, I care not, those I give for lost;  
 And to instruct them, will not quit the cost.

X Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;  
 (Love is a present for a mighty King)  
 Much lesse make any one thine enemy.  
 As gunnes destroy, so may a little sting.  
 The cunning workman never doth refuse.  
 The meanest fool, that he may chance to use.

## *The Church, persb.*

All forrein wisdom doth amount to this,  
To take all that is given; whether wealth,  
Or love, or language; nothing comes amisse;  
A good digestion turneth all to health.  
And then, as farre as fair behaviour may,  
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize  
All forrein of that name; but scorn their ill;  
Embrace their activenesse, not vanities,  
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.  
If thou observe'st strangers in each fit,  
In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

✕ Affect in things about thee, cleanlinesse,  
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.  
Slovens take up their stock of noysomnesse  
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.  
Let thy minds sweetnesse have his operation  
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

✕ In Almes regard thy means, and others merit,  
Think heav'n a better bargain then to give  
Onely thy single market-money for it.  
Joyne hands with God to make a man to live:  
Give to all something; to a good poore man,  
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

✕ Man is Gods image; but a poore man is  
Christs stamp to boot; both images regard.  
God reckons for him, counts the favour his;  
Write, *So much giv'n to God; thou shalt be heard.*  
Let thy Alms go before, and keep heav'n's gate  
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Refore:

## The Church porch

Restore to God his due in tithes and tithes:  
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.  
Sundayes observe: think, when the bells doe chime,  
'Tis Angels musick; therefore come not late.  
God then deals blessings: If a King did so,  
Who would not haile, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood:  
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.  
Thy cheer is mended; bare not of the food,  
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.  
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not cross.  
Fast when thou wilt, but when 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,  
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:  
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a signe.  
We all are but cold suiters; let us move.  
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven;  
Pray with the most: for where most pray, is heaven

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.  
God is more there then thou: for thou art there  
Onely by his permission. Then beware,  
And make thy selfe all reverence and feare.  
Kneeling, ne're spoild silk stocking: quit thy state.  
All equall are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to Prayers most:  
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest;  
Stay not for th' other pin: why, thou hast lost  
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest  
Away thy blessings, and excremely flout thee,  
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

## *The Church people.*

In time of service shake up both thine eyes,  
And send them to thine heart, that spying sin,  
They may sweep out the stains by them did rise:  
Those doores being shut, all by the eares come in.  
Who marks in Church time others symmetrie,  
Markes all their beauty thus deformed.

Let vain or buse thoughts have there no part:  
Bring not thy plow, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.  
Christ purg'd his temple; so must thou thine heart.  
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together  
To rozen ther. Look to thy actions well:  
For Churches are either our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the Preacher: for he is thy Judge:  
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.  
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.  
The worst speaks something good: if all want grace,  
God takes avert, and preaches patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which  
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.  
He that by being at Church escapes the ditch,  
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.  
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine  
With Saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers language or expression:  
How knowst thou but thy sinnes made him miscarrie?  
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:  
God sent him, whatsoere he be: O tarry,  
And love him for his Master: his condition,  
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

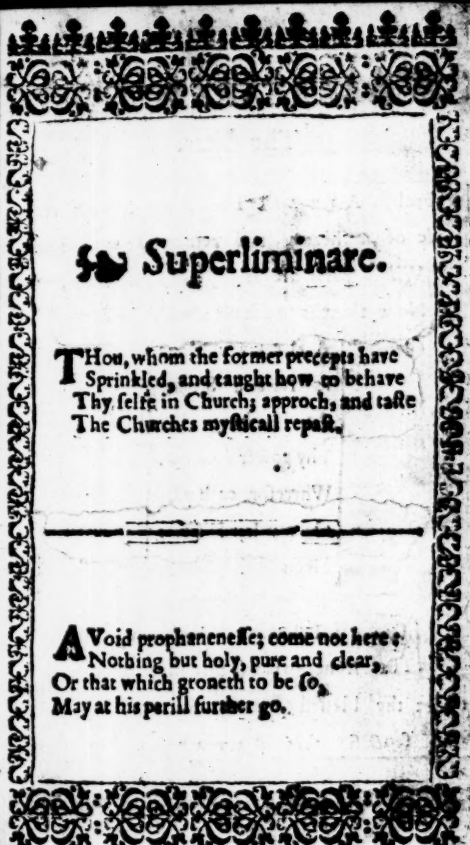
## *The Church-parish.*

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure,  
As those who mock at Gods way of salvation.  
Whom oyl and balsams kill, what salve can cure?  
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.  
The Jewes refused thunder, and we, folly,  
Though God dos hedge us in, yet who is holy?

1 Somme up at night what thou hast done by days  
And in the morning, what thou hast to doo.  
Dresse and undresse thy soul : mark the decay  
And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too  
Be down, then wind up both : since we shall bee  
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man.  
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.  
Deferre not the least vertue : lifes poor span  
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.  
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pain :  
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.





## Superliminare.

**T**Hou, whom the former precepts have  
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave  
Thy selfe in Church; approach, and taste  
The Churches mysticall repast.

---

**A**Void prophanenesse; come not here:  
Nothing but holy, pure and clear,  
Or that which groweth to be so,  
May at his perill further go.



The Altar.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,  
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,  
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;  
No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone  
Is such a Stone,  
As nothing but  
Thy power doth cut.  
Wherefore each part  
Of my hard heart  
Meets in this frame,  
To praise thy name.

That, if I chance to hold my peace,  
These stones to praise thee may not cease.

Let thy blessed SACRIFICE bee mine,  
And sanctifie this ALTAR to bee thine.





The Church.

The Sacrifice.

Oh all ye who passe by, whose eyes and mind  
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;  
To me, who look eyes that I might you find  
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head  
Against their Maker, they do with me dead,  
Who cannot will, except I give them bread.  
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one who doth now me brave,  
Had to this day been an Egyptian Slave,  
They use that power against me, which I gave.  
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine owne Apostle, who the Bag did bear,  
Though he had all I had, did not forbear  
To sell me all, and so get me there.  
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty pence he did my death devise,  
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,  
Not halfe so sweet as my sweet sacrifice.  
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my soul meks, and my heartes deare treasure  
Drops blood (the onely beads) my words to measure;  
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure.  
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners teares,  
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,  
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my feares.  
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

## **The Church.**

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain  
One houre of watching; but their drowfie brain  
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain.

Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!  
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!  
How with their lanterns doe they seeke the sun!

Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me as a thief,  
Who am the way of truth, the true relief;  
Most true to those who are my greatest grief.

Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?  
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and misse?  
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?

Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands  
Of faith, but fury: yet at their commands  
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands.

Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a barre  
Berwixt my friends and me. They leave that barre  
That brought the wise men of the East from farre,

Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound  
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound  
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.

Was ever grief, &c.

The Priest and Rulers all false witness seek  
Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek  
And ready Paschall Lamb of this great week.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,  
That I did thrust into the Deitie,  
Who never thought that any robberie.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore  
In three dayes raz'd, and raised as before.

Why? he that built the world can doe much more,  
Was ever griefe, &c.

Then they condemne me all with that same breath  
Which I doe give them daily, unto death.  
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.

Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he  
Sends me to *Pilate*: this makes them agree ;  
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.

Was ever grief, &c.

*Herod* and all his bands doe set me light,  
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,  
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might.

Was ever grief, &c.

*Herod* in judgement sits, while I doe stand,  
Examines me with a censorious hand :  
I him obey, who all things else command.

Was ever grief, &c.

The Jewes accuse me with despitfulnesse ;  
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,  
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse.

Was ever grief, &c.

I answer nothing, but with patience prove  
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.  
But who does hawk at Eagles with a Dove ?

Was ever grief, &c.

## The Church

My silence, rather doth augment their cry;  
My dove doth back into my bosome fly,  
Because the raging waters still are high.  
Was ever grieve like mine?

Heark how they cry aloud still, Crucifie!  
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,  
Who cannot live lesse then eternally.

Was ever grieve, &c.

Thus, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,  
Mine owne deare people, cry, Away, away,  
With noises confused lighting the day.

Was ever grieve, &c.

Yet still they shout and cry, and stop their eares,  
Putting my life among their sinnes and feares,  
And therefore with my blood on them and theirs.

Was ever grieve, &c.

See how spite cankers things: these words aight  
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light;  
But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night.

Was ever grieve, &c.

They choose a murderer, and all agree  
In him to doe themselves a curie: he:  
For it was their owne cause who killed me.

Was ever grieve, &c.

And a seditious murderer he was:  
But I the Prince of peace; peace that doth passe  
All understanding, more then heav'n doth glasse.

Was ever grieve, &c.

Why, Cesar is their King, not I:  
He clave the stony roek, when they were dry;  
But surely not their hearts, as I well try.

Was ever grieve, &c.

Ah ! Now they scourge me ! yet my tendernesse  
 Doubles each lash : and yet their bitternesse  
 Windes up my grief to a myllemasse.

Was ever griefe like mine ?

They buffet me, and boxe me as they list,  
 Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist,  
 And never yet whom I would punish, misd.

Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they spit on me in scornfull wise,  
 Who by my spittle gave the blinde man eyes,  
 Leaving his blindnesse to mine enemies.

Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be divine.  
 As Moses face was veiled, so is mine,  
 Lest on their double-dark souls either shine.

Was ever grief, &c.

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are wittie,  
 Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their dittie.  
 So they in me deny themselves all pitie.

Was ever grief, &c.

And now I am deliv'rd unto death,  
 Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,  
 That he before me weigh his suffereth.

Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, deare friends, since I for both have wept  
 When all my teares were blood, the while you slept ;  
 Your teares for your own fortunes should be kept.

Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers lead me to the common hall ;  
 There they deride me, they abuse me all :  
 Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then with a scarlet robe they me array :  
Which shewes my blood to be the onely way,  
And cordiall left to repair mans decay.

Was ever grief like mine

Then on my head a Crown of thornes I weare;  
For these are all the grapes Sion doth beare,  
Though I my vine planted and watred there.

Was ever grief, &c.

So sits the earths great curse in Adams fall,  
Upon my head : so I remove it all  
From th'earth unto my browes, and bear the thrall.

Was ever grief, &c.

Then with the reed they gave to me before,  
They strike my head, the rock from whence all fflow  
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore.

Was ever grief, &c.

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail King.*  
What ever scoffes or scornfulnesse can bring,  
I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling.

Was ever grief, &c.

Yet since mans scepters are as frail as reeds,  
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;  
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.

Was ever grief, &c.

The souldiers also spit upon that face,  
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,  
And Prophets once to see, but found no place.

Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth, they bring me to the rout,  
Who, *Crucifie him*, cry with one strong shout.  
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.

Was ever grief, &c.

They lead me in once more, and putting then  
Mine owne clothes on, they lead me out again.  
Whom Devils flie, thus is he toss'd of men.

Was ever grief like mine?

And now weary of sport, glad to ingrosse  
All spite in one, counting my life their losse,  
They carry me to my most bitter crosse.

Was ever grief, &c

My crosse I beare my selfe, untill I faint:  
Then *Simon* bears it for me by constraint,  
The decreed burden of each mortall Saint.

Was ever grief, &c.

O all yee who passe by, behold and see:  
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree;  
The tree of life to all, but onely me.

Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne;  
The greater world o'th' two: for that came in  
By words, but this by sorrow I must win.

Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinfull man could feel,  
Or feel his part, he would nor cease to kneel,  
Till all were melted, though he were all steel.

Was ever grief, &c

But, O my God, my God! why leav'st thou me,  
The Sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be?  
My God, my God——

Never was grief, &c.

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;  
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;  
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound.

Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy selfe, Physician; now come down.  
 Alas! I did so, when I left my crown  
 And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown.

Was ever grief like mine

In healing not my self, there doth consist;  
 All that salvation, which ye now resist;  
 Your safety in my sicknesse doth subsist.

Was ever grief, &c.

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,  
 As he that for some robbery suffereth.  
 Alas! What have I stolen from you? Death.

Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, prefixt on high;  
 Yet by my subjects I'm condemn'd to die  
 A servile death in servile company.

Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,  
 But more with malice: yet, when they did call,  
 With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.

Was ever grief, &c.

They part my garments, and by lot dispose  
 My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those  
 Who sought for help, never malicious foes.

Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their spite shall further goe:  
 For they will pierce my side. I full well know;  
 That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow.

Was ever grief, &c.

But now I dye; now all is finished.  
 My wo, mans weale: and now I bow my head.  
 Onely let others say, when I am dead.

Was ever grief, &c.



The Thankesgiving.

O King of grief ! (a title strange, yet true,  
To thee of all Kings onely due)  
O King of wounds ! how shall I grieve for thee,  
Who in all griefe prevented me ?  
Shall I weep bloud ? Why, thou hast wept such store,  
That all thy body was one doore.  
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold ?  
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.  
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me ?  
Was such a grief as cannot be.  
Shall I then sing, skipping thy dolefull story,  
And side with thy triumphant glory ?  
Shall thy strokes be my stroking ? thorns, my flower ?  
Thy rod my posie ? crosse, my bower ?  
But how then shall I imitate thee, and  
Copie thy faire, though bloody hand ?  
Surely, I will revenge me on thy love,  
and try who shall victorious prove.  
If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore  
All back unto thee by the poore.  
If thou dost give me honour, men shall see  
The honour doth belong to thee.  
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,  
She and her children shall be thine.  
My bosome friend, if he blaspheme thy name,  
I will tear thence his love and fame.  
One halfe of me being gone, the rest I give  
Unto some Chappell dye or live.  
As for thy passion ——— But of that anon,  
When with the other I have done.  
For thy predestination, I'll contrive,  
That three yeares hence, if I survive,

I'll build a Spittle, or mend common wayes,  
 But mend mine own without delayes.  
 Then I will use the workes of thy creation,  
 As it I us'd them but for fashion.  
 The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare  
 Shall not perceive that I am here.  
 X My musick shall find thee, and ev'ry string  
 Shall have his attribute to sing;  
 That all together may accord in thee,  
 And prove on God, one harmonie.  
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,  
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.  
 Nay, I will read thy book, and never move  
 Till I have found therein thy love;  
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,  
 O my deare Saviour, Victorie!  
 Then for thy passion---I will doe for that---  
 Alas! my God, I know not what.

### ¶ The Reprisall.

I Have consider'd it, and find  
 There is no dealing with thy mighty passion,  
 For though I dye for thee, I am behind;  
 My sinnes deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I  
 May give a disentangled state and free:  
 And yet thy wounds still my attempts desie,  
 For by thy death I dye for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou  
 By thy eternall glory didst outgoe me?  
 Couldst thou not griefs sad conquest me allow,  
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come  
Into the conquest, though I can doe nought  
Against thee, in thee I will overcome  
The man, who once against thee fought.

---

¶ The Agonie.

**P**hilosophers have measur'd mountains,  
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of States, and Kings,  
Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and traced fountains:  
But there are two vast, spacious things,  
The which to measure it doth more behove:  
Yet few there are that sound them; Sinne and Love;

Who would know Sinne, let him repair  
Unto mount Olivet; there shall he see  
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,  
His skin, his garments bloody be.  
Sin is that Presse and Vice, which forceth pain  
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knowes not love, let him assay  
And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike  
Did set again abroach; then let him say  
If ever he did taste the like.  
Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,  
Which my God feels as blood, but I, as wine.

## The Sinner.

**L**ord, how I am all ague, when I seek  
 What I have treasur'd in my memory!  
 Since, if my soule make even with the week,  
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.

I find there quarries of pil'd vanities,  
 But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture  
 To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees:  
 There the circumference earth is, Heav'n the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small:  
 The spirit and good extract of my heart,  
 Comes to about the many hundredth part.  
 Yet Lord, restore thine image, hear my call. (groane)  
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee can  
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone

## Good Friday.

**O** My chiefe good,  
 How shall I measure out thy blood?  
 How shall I count what thee befell,  
 And each griefe tell?

Shall I thy woes  
 Number according to thy foes?  
 Or, since one starre shew'd thy first breath,  
 Shall all thy death?

Or shall each lease,  
 Which falls in Autumne, score a grief?  
 Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be signe  
 Of the true vine?

## The Church.

31

Then let each houre  
Of my whole life one grieſe devour;  
That thy diſtreſſe through all may runne,  
And be my ſunne.

Or rather let  
My ſev'rall ſinnes their ſorrowes get;  
That, as each beaſt his cure doth know,  
Each ſinne may ſo.

Since blood is fitteſt, Lord, to write  
Thy ſorrowes in, and bloody fight;  
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in  
One box doth lye both ink and ſinne:

That, when Sin ſpies ſo many foes,  
Thy whips, thy nailes, thy wounds, thy woes,  
All come to lodge there, Sinne may ſay  
No room for me, and flye away.

Sinne being gone oh fill the place,  
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;  
Leſt ſinne take courage and returne,  
And all the writings blot or burne.

---

## Redemption.

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,  
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,  
And make a ſuit unto him, to afford  
A new ſmall-rented leaſe, and cancell th'old.

In heaven at his Mannor I him ſought:  
They told me there, that he was lately gone  
About ſome land which hee had dearly bought  
Long ſince on earth, to take poſſeſſion.

✕ I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,  
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts;  
 In cities, theaters, gardens, parks, and courts:  
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth  
 Of theeves and murderers: there I him espied,  
 Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

---

### ¶ Sepulchre.

O Blessed holy! Whither art thou thrown?  
 No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?  
 So many hearts on earth, and yet not one  
 Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good stores;  
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score:  
 Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of doore  
 They leave thee.

But that which shewes them large, shewes them un-fir;  
 What ever sin did this pure rock commit,  
 Which holds thee now? Who hath indicted it  
 Of murder?

(thee,  
 Where our hard hearts have took up stones to braine  
 And missing this, most falsly did arraigne thee;  
 Onely these stones in quiet entertaine thee,  
 And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art  
 Was writ in stone, so thou, which onely art  
 The letter of the Word, find'st no fit heart  
 To hold thee.

Yet doe we still persist as we began,  
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,  
 Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man  
 Withhold thee.

## ¶ Easter.

**R**ise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise \*  
 Without delays,  
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise  
 With him mayst rise:

That, as his death calcined thee to dust,  
 His life may make thee gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my Lute, and struggle for thy part  
 With all thy art.

The Crosse taught all wood to resound his name,  
 Who bore the same.

His stretched sinewes taught all strings, what key  
 Is best to celebrate this most high day.

\* Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song +  
 Pleasant and long:

Or, since all musick is but three parts vied,  
 And multiplied;

O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,  
 And make up our defects with his sweet art.

**I** Got me flowers to strow thy way; +  
 I got me boughes of many a tree:  
 But thou wast up by break of day,  
 And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sunne arising in the East,  
 Though he give light, and th' East perfume;  
 If they should offer to contest  
 With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
 Though many Sunnes to shine endeavour?  
 We count three hundred, but we misse:  
 There is but one, and that one ever.

## ¶ Easter-wings.

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,  
 Though foolishly he lost the same,  
 Decaying more and more,  
 Till he became  
 Most poore:

With thee  
 O let me rise  
 As larks, harmoniously,  
 And sing this day thy victories:  
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

Easter.



✠ Easter-Wings.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne;  
And still with sicknesses and shame  
Thou didst so punish mee,  
That I became  
Most thine.

With thee  
Let me combine,  
And feel this day thy victorie:  
For, if I imp my wing on thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

✠ H. Ba.

## ¶ H. Baptisme.

**A**S he that sees a dark and shady grove;  
 Stayes not, but lookes beyond it on the sky;  
 So when I view my finnes, mine eyes remove  
 More backward still, and to that water fire,  
 Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and vent  
 Is in my deare Redeemers pierced side.  
 O blessed streams! either yee doe prevent  
 And stop our finnes from growing thick and wide,  
 Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.  
 In you Redemption measures all my time,  
 And spreads the plaister equall to the crime.  
 You taught the book of life my name, that so  
 What ever future finnes should me miscall,  
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

## ¶ H. Baptisme.

**S**ince, Lord, to thee  
 A narrow way and little gate  
 Is all the passage, on my infancie  
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate  
 My faith in me,  
 O let me still  
 Write thee great God, and me a child:  
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,  
 Small to my selfe, to others mild,  
 Behither ill.  
 Although by stealth  
 My flesh get on; yet let her sister  
 My soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:  
 The growth of flesh is but a blister;  
 Childhood is health.

¶ Nature.

Full of rebellion, I would die,  
Or fight, or travell, or deny  
That thou hast ought to doe with me.  
O tame my heart !  
It is thy highest art

To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venime lurk,  
And in suggestions faine and work,  
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,  
And thence by kind  
Vanish into a wind,  
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there  
Engrave thy rev'rent Law and fear :  
Or make a new one, since the old  
Is saplesse grown,  
And a much sifter stone  
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

¶ Sinne.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round !  
Parents first season us : then Schoolmasters  
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound  
To rules of reason, ho'y messengers,

Pulpits and Sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,  
Afflictions sorted, ii ge sh of all sizes,  
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,  
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Ble sings.

Blessings before hand, ties of gratefulnesse,  
 The sound of glory ringing in our eares :  
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;  
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and feares.  
 Yet all these fences and their whole array  
 One cunning bosome-finne blowes quite away.

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### Affliction.

\* **W**HEN first thou didst entice to thee my heart,  
 I thought the service brave :  
 So many joyes I writ down for my part,  
 Besides what I might have  
 Out of my stock of naturall delights  
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.  
 I looked on thy furniture so fine  
 And made it fine to me :  
 Thy glorious household-stuffe did me entwine,  
 And tice me unto thee.  
 Such starres I counted mine : both heav'n and earth  
 Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.  
 What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,  
 Where joyes my fellows were ?  
 Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved  
 No place for griefe or feare.  
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at that place,  
 And made her youth and fiercenesse seek thy face.  
 \* At first thou gav'st me milke and sweetnesse;  
 I had my wish and way :  
 My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse;  
 There was no month but May.  
 \* But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,  
 And made a party unawares for wee.

My flesh began unto my soule in paine,  
 Sicknesse cleave my bones;  
 Consuming agues dwell in every veine,  
 And tune my breath to groans;  
 Sorrow was all my soule; I scarce beleev'd,  
 Till grief did tell me roundly that I liv'd.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life;  
 And more; for my Friends dye:  
 My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife  
 Was of more use then I.  
 Thus thin and leane, without a fence or friend,  
 I was blown through with ev'rie storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took  
 The way that takes the town,  
 Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,  
 And wrapt me in a gowne.  
 I was intrangled in the world of strife,  
 Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,  
 Not simpring all mine age,  
 Thou often didst with Academick praise,  
 Melt and dissolve my rage.  
 I took thy sweetned pill, till I came where  
 I could not goe away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be  
 In my unhappinesse,  
 Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me  
 Into more sicknesses.  
 Thus doth thy power crosse-bias me, not making  
 Thine own gift good, yet me from my wayes taking.

- \* Now I am here, what thou wilt doe with mee  
 None of my bookes will show:  
 I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;  
 For sure then I should grow  
 \* To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust  
 Her household to me, and I should be just.  
 Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;  
 In weaknesse must be stout:  
 Well, I will change the service, and goe seeke  
 Some other master out.  
 \* Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,  
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.
- 

## ¶ Repentance.

- \* **L**ord, I confesse my sinne is great;  
 Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat  
 With thy quick flow'r, thy momentany bloom;  
 Whose life still pressing  
 Is one undressing,  
 A steady aiming at a tombe.  
 Mans age is two houres work, or three:  
 Each day doth round about us see.  
 Thus are we to delights: but we are all  
 To sorrowes old,  
 If life be told  
 \* From what life feeleth, Adams fall.  
 O let thy height of mercie then  
 Compassionate short-breathed men.  
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression.  
 I doe confesse  
 My foolishnesse;  
 My God, accept of my confession.

ow:

\* Sweeten at length this bitter bowl;  
 Which thou hast powr'd into my soul:  
 Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:  
 For if thou stay,  
 I and this day.  
 As we did rise, we die together.  
 When thou for sin rebukest man,  
 Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:  
 Bitternesse fills our bowels; all our hearts  
 Pine and decay  
 And drop away,  
 And carry with them th'other parts.  
 But thou wilt sin and griefe destroy;  
 That so the broken bones may joy,  
 And tune together in a well-set song,  
 Full of his praises,  
 Who dead men raises.  
 Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

Faith.

Lord, how couldst thou so much appease  
 Thy wrath for sinne, as when mans sight was dimme:  
 And could see little, to regard his case,  
 And bring by faith all things to him?  
 Hungry I was, and had no meat:  
 I did conceit a most delicious feast;  
 I had it straight, and did as truly eat,  
 As ever did a welcome guest.  
 There is a rare outlandish root,  
 Which when I could not get, I thought it here:  
 That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,  
 That I can walk to heav'n well neer.

eten

I owed thousands and much more;  
 I did beleve that I did nothing ow,  
 And liv'd accordingly: my creditour  
 Beleeves so too, and lets me go.

✕ Faith makes me any thing, or all  
 That I beleve is in the sacred story:  
 And where sin placeth me in *Adams* fall,  
 Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I goe lower in the book,  
 What can be lower then the common manger?  
 Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took  
 ✕ Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,  
 None but the wise or strong had gained it:  
 Where now by faith all armes are of a length;  
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleve as much  
 As a great Clerik, and reach the highest stature.  
 Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend & crouch  
 ✕ While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no reall light  
 Inherent in them, thou didst make the Sonne  
 Impute a lustre, and allow them bright;  
 And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean  
 With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eye  
 Vanisht away, when faith did change the Scene,  
 And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?  
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain  
 With an exact and most particular trust,  
 Reserving all for flesh again.

Prayer



## P R A Y E R.

**P** Rayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,  
 Gods breath in man returning to his birth,  
 The soule in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
 The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth,  
 Engine against th'Almighty, sinners towre,  
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing speare,  
 The six dayes world transposing in an houre,  
 A kinde of tune, which all things heare and feare,  
 Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,  
 Exalted Minna, gladnesse of the best,  
 Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,  
 The milkie way, the bird of paradise,  
 Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soules blood,  
 The land of Spices, something understood.

---

## The Holy Communion.

**N** Ot in rich furniture, or fine array,  
 Nor in a wedge of gold,  
 Thou, who for me wast sold;  
 To me dost now thy selfe convey;  
 For so thou shouldst without me still have been,  
 Leaving within me sinne:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,  
 Thou creep'st into my brest;  
 Making thy way my rest,  
 And thy small quantities my length;  
 Which spread their forces into ev'ry part,  
 Meeting sinnes force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,  
 Leaping the wall that parts  
 Our souls and fleshly hearts;  
 But as th'outworks, they may controll  
 My rebell-flesh, and carrying thy name,  
 Affright both sin and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,  
 knoweth the ready way,  
 And hath the privie key,  
 Op'ning the souls most subtile rooms:  
 While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend  
 Dispatches from their friend.

\* Give me my captive soul, or take  
 My body also thither.  
 Another life like this will make  
 Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,  
 And all our lump to leaven;  
 A fervent sigh might well have blown  
 Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know  
 To sin, or sin to smother;  
 He might to heav'n from paradise goe,  
 As from one roome t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease  
 By this thy heav'nly blood,  
 \* Which I can goe to, when I please,  
 And leave th'earth to their food.

*The Church.*

45

¶ *Antiphon.*

*Cho.* \* **L** Et all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
My God and King.

*Vers.* The heav'ns are not too high,  
His praise may thither flie:  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.

*Cho.* Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
My God and King.

*Vers.* The Church with Palmes must shout,  
No doore can keep them out:  
But above all, the heart  
Must beare the longest part.

*Cho.* Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,  
My God and King.

---

¶ *Love I.*

\* **I**mmortall Love, authour of this great frame,  
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;  
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,  
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain!  
Which siding with invention, they together  
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,  
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit:

The world is theirs; they two play out the game,

Thou standing by: and though thy glorious name  
Wrought our deliverance from th'infernall pit,

Who sings thy praise? onely a scarfe or glove,

Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

## II.

Immortall heat, O let thy greater flame

Attract the lesler to it: let those fires

Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,  
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.

Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our brain

All her invention on thine Altar lay,

And there in hymnes send back thy fire againe:

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust;

Dust blowne by wit, till that they both were blind:

Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,

Who wert disseized by usurping lust:

All knees shall bow to thee, all wits shall rise,

And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

## The Temper.

How should I praise thee Lord! how should my  
Gladly engrave thy love in steel, (hymnes)

If what my soul doth feel sometimes,

My soul might ever feel!

## The Church.

47

Although there were some fourty heav'ns, or more,  
Sometimes I peer above them all;  
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;  
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;  
Those distances belong to thee:  
The world's too little for thy rent,  
A grave too big for mee.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch  
A crumbe of dust from heav'n to hell?  
Will great God measure with a wretch?  
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid  
O let me roost and nestle there:  
Then of a sinner thou art rid,  
And I of hope and feare.

Yet take thy way: for sure thy way is best:  
Stretch or contract me thy poore debter:  
This is but tuning of my breast,  
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with Angels, fall with dust,  
Thy hands made both, and I am there.  
Thy power and love, my love and trust  
Make one place ev'ry where.

---

## The Temper.

I T cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,  
Which just now took up all my heart?  
Lord, if thou must needs use thy dart,  
Save that, and me, or sinne for both destroy.

The

The grosser world stands to thy word and art;  
 But thy diviner world of grace  
 Thou suddenly dost raise and raise,  
 And every day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers  
 May also fix their reverence:  
 For when thou dost depart from hence,  
 They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:  
 Though elements change, and heaven move,  
 Let not thy higher Court remove,  
 But keep a standing Majesty in me.

### ¶ Jordan.

**W**Ho says that fictions onely and false hair  
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?  
 Is all good structure in a winding hair?  
 May no lines passe, except they doe their duty  
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves  
 And sudden arbours shadow course-spun lines?  
 Must purling streams refresh a lovers loves?  
 Must all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,  
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:  
 Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime:  
 I envie no mans nightingale or spring:  
 Nor let them punish me with losse of rhyme,  
 Who plainly say, My God, My King.

**Employment.**

**I**F as a flower doth spread and die,  
Thou wouldest extend me to some good,  
Before I were by frosts extremitie  
Nipt in the bud.

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine:  
But the extension and the room,  
Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine  
At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,  
The greater shall our glory be.  
The measure of our joyes is in this place,  
The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend  
A life as barren to thy praise,  
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,  
But with delays.

All things are busie; onely I  
Neither bring honey with the Bees,  
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandrie  
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,  
But all my company is a weed.  
Lord place me in thy comfort; give one strain  
To my poor reed.

## ¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

**O**H book! infinite sweetnesse ! let my heart  
 Suck ev'ry letter, and a honie gain,  
 Precious for any griefe in any part ;  
 To clear the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make  
 A full eternity : thou art a masse  
 Of strange delights, where we m y wish & take  
 Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse

That mends the lookers eyes : this is the Well  
 That washes what it shows. Who can endear  
 Thy praise too much ? Thou art heav'ns Liege  
 Working against the states of death and hell. (here

Thou art joyes handfel : heav'n lies flat in the  
 Subj:ct to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

## II.

**O**H that I knew how all thy lights combine,  
 And the configurations of their glory !  
 Seeing not onely how each verse doth shine,  
 But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both doe make a motion  
 Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie :  
 Then, as dispersed herbs, doe watch a potion,  
 These three make up some Christians destine.



Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,  
And comments on thee : for in ev'ry thing  
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,  
And in another make me understood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes doe misse :  
This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

---

¶ *Whitsunday.*

L Isten sweet Dove unto my song,  
And spread thy golden wings in me ;  
Hatching my tender heart so long,  
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended  
On thy Apostles ? thou didst then  
Keep open house, richly attended,  
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,  
That th'earth did like a heav'n appeare :  
The starres were comming down to know  
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The Sunne, which once did shine alone,  
Hung down his head, and wist for night,  
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one  
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since these pipes of gold, which brought  
That cordiall water to our ground,  
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault  
Of those, who did themselves through their side wound,

Thou shut'st the door, and keep'st within;  
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:  
 And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne  
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;  
 The same sweet God of love and light:  
 Restore this day, for thy great Name,  
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

### Grace.

\* MY stock lies dead, and no increase  
 Doth my dull husbandry improve:  
 O let thy graces without cease  
 Drop from above!

If still the sunne should hide his face,  
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,  
 Thy works nights captives: O let grace  
 Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;  
 And shall the dew cut-strip thy Dove?  
 The dew, for which grassie cannot call,  
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,  
 And digs my grave at each remove:  
 Let grace worke too, and on my soul  
 Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart  
 Unto a bardnesse, void of love:  
 Let suppling grace, to crosse his Art,  
 Drop from above.

O come ! for thou dost know the way.  
Or if to me thou wilt not move,  
Re nove me where I need not say,  
Drop from above.

**Praise.**

**T**O write a verse or two, is all the praise,  
That I can raise :  
Mend my estate in any wayes,  
Thou shalt have more.

I goe to Church; help me to wings, and I  
Will thither flye ;  
Or, if I mount unto the sky,  
I will doe more.

Man is all weaknesse; there is no such thing  
As Prince or King :  
His arm is short; yet with a sling  
He may doe more.

An herb distil'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,  
On the same floore  
To a brave soul : exalt the poore,  
They can do more.

Oraise me then ! poor Bees, that work all day,  
Sting my delay,  
Who have a work, as well as they,  
and much, much more.

**Affliction.**

**K**ill me not ev'ry day,  
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me  
Is more then all my deaths can be,  
Though I in broken pay  
Die over each houre of Methusalems stay.

*The Church.*

If all mens tears were let,  
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;  
 What were they all, compar'd to thine?  
 Wherein if they were set,  
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,  
 Thou Lord conceale it not: and as thou art  
 All my delight, so all my smart:  
 Thy crosse tooke up in one,  
 By way of imprest, all my future mone.

## Mattens.

+ I Cannot ope mine eyes,  
 But thou art ready there to catch  
 My morning soul and sacrifice:  
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?  
 Silver, or gold, or pretious stone,  
 Or starre, or rainbow, or a part  
 Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,  
 That thou shouldst it so eye and woo,  
 Powring upon it all thy art,  
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed mans whole estate  
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:  
 He did not heav'n and earth create,  
 Yet studies them, not him by whom they be,

X Teach me thy love to know,  
 That this new light, which now I see,  
 May both the work and workman show:  
 Then by a Sun-beam I will come to thee.

S I N N E.

**O**H that I could a sinne once see !  
 We paint the D.vell foul; yet he  
 Hath some good in him, all agree.  
 Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing  
 It wants the good of Vertue, and of Being.

But God more care of us hath had :  
 If apparitions make us sad,  
 By sight of sinne we should grow mad.  
 Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live ;  
 So divels are our sinnes in perspective.

---

Even-Song.

**B**lest be the God of love,  
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,  
 Both to be busie and to play.  
 But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,  
 Which to himselfe he did denie :  
 For when he sees my wayes, I die :  
 But I have got his Sonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home  
 For this thy love ? I have I discharg'd the debt  
 Which this dayes favour did beget ?  
 I ranne; but all I brought, was some.

Thy diet, care, and cost  
 Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;  
 Of wind to thee whom I have cross'd,  
 But walls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,  
 And now with darknesse closest weary eyes,  
 Saying to man, It doth suffice :  
 Henceforth repose; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebonie box  
 Thou dost inclose us, till the day  
 Put our amendment in our way,  
 And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse which shews more love,  
 The day or night : that is the gale, this th'harbour ;  
 That is the walk, and this the arbour ;  
 Or that the garden, this the grove.

✕ My God, thou art all love.  
 Not one poor minute scapes thy breast,  
 But brings a favour from above :  
 And in this love, more then in bed, I rest.

### Church-monuments.

**V**VHile that my soul repairs to her devotion,  
 Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes  
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;  
 To which the blast of deaths incessant motion,  
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,  
 Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My body to this School, that it may learn  
 To spell his elements, and find his birth  
 Written in dusty heraldry and lines :  
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,  
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.  
 These laugh at Jeat, and marble put for signes,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,  
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,  
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat  
 To kisse those heaps, which now they have in trust?  
 Deare flesh, while I doe pray, learn here thy stem  
 And true discent: that when thou shalt grow fat,  
 And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know  
 That flesh is but the glasse which holds the dust  
 That measures all our time; which also shall  
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below  
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,  
 That thou mayst fit thy self against thy fall.

---

**Church-Musick.**

**S**weetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure  
 Did through my body wound my mind,  
 You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure,  
 A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,  
 Rising and falling with your wings:  
 We both together sweetly live and love,  
 Yet say sometimes, God help poor Kings.

Comfort, Il'e die, for if you part from me,  
 Sure I shall doe so, and much more:

But if I travell in your companie,  
 You know the way to heavens doore.

---

**Church lock and key.**

**I** Know it is my sinne, which lockes thine eares,  
 And binds thy hands,  
 Out crying my requests, drowning my teares;  
 Or else the chulnesse of my faint demands.





**The Windowes.**

**L**ord, how can man preach thy eternall Word?  
He is a brittle crazie glasse:  
Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford  
This glorious and transcendent place,  
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glasse thy story,  
Making thy life to shine within  
The holy Preachers; then the light and glory  
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;  
Which else shewes watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light in one  
When they combine and mingle, bring  
A strong regard and awe: but speech alone  
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,  
And in the care, not conscience, ring.

---

**Trinity-Sunday.**

**L**ord, who hast form'd me out of mud,  
And hast rede m'd me through thy blood,  
And sanct fi'd me to doe good;

Purge all my sinnes done heretofore:  
For I confesse my heavie score,  
And I will strive to sinne no more.

Enrich my heart with outh hands in me,  
With faith, with hope, with charities,  
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

## Content.

**X**Peace must ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep  
 Within the walls of your own breast.  
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,  
 Can on anothers hardly rest.

Go not abroad at ev'ry quest and call  
 Of an untrained hope or passion.  
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall,  
 Is wantonnesse in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,  
 Content and warme t' it self alone :  
 But when it would appeare to others eye,  
 Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure  
 Complies and suits with all estates ;  
 Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure  
 Take up within a cloisters gates.

This soule doth span the world, and hang content  
 From either pole unto the centre :  
 Where in each room of the well-furnish't tent  
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days wonder :  
 And after death the fumes that spring  
 From private bodies, make as big a thunder,  
 As those which rise from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is lost, and yet  
 Better by wormes be all once spent,  
 Then to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret  
 Thy name in books, which may not vent  
 When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,  
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,  
And as their wit is, their digestion,  
Thy nourish't fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discounting soul, till thine own ground.  
Do not thy selfe or friends importune.  
He that by seeking hath himselfe once found,  
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

---

### The Quidditie.

MY God, a verse is not a crown,  
No point of honour, or gay suit,  
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,  
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lure :

It cannot vault, or dance, or play ;  
It never was in France or Spain ;  
Nor can it entertain the day  
With my great stable or demain :

It is no office, art, or newes,  
Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall :  
But it is that which while I use  
I am with thee, and, Most take all.

---

### Humilitie.

I saw the vertues sitting hand in hand  
In sev'ral ranks upon an azure throne,  
Where all the beasts and fowls by their command,  
Presented tokens of submission.  
Humility, who sat the lowest there

To execute their call,  
When by the beasts the presents tenderd were,  
Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did present his paw,  
Which by consent was given to Mansuetude :  
The fearfull Hare her eares, which their law  
Humility did reach to Fortitude.  
The jealous Turkie brought his Corall chain ;  
That went to Temperance :  
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,  
Kild in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,  
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace  
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,  
And challenge it as proper to his place,  
Till they fell out . which when the beasts esp'd ;  
They leapt upon the throne ;  
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,  
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this  
Did weep so fast, that the teares trickling down  
Sooil'd all the train : then saying, Here it is  
For which yee wrangle, inde them turn their frown  
Against the beasts : so joyntly bandying,  
They drive them soon away ;  
And then amerc'd them, double gift to bring  
At the next Session day.

### Prailtie.

**L**Ord, in my silence how doe I despise  
What up in trust  
Is stiled Honour, Riches, or faire eyes ;  
But a faire dust !  
I surname them, gilde Clay,  
Dore Earth fine Gasse, or Hay ;  
In all, I think my Foot doth ever tread  
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,  
The worlds, and thine ;  
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events ;  
The other fine,  
Full of glory and gay weeds,  
Brave language, braver deeds :  
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,  
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now  
My foot did tread,  
Affront those joyes, where with thou didst endow  
And long since wed  
My poore soul, ev'n sick of love,  
It may a Babel prove,  
Commodious to conquer heav'n and thee  
Planted in me.

---

*Constance.*

VV

He is the honest-man ?  
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,  
To God his neighbour, and himselfe most true :  
Whom neither force nor tawning can  
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not  
So loose or easie, that a rising wind  
Can blow away, yet glutting look it blind :  
Who rides his sure and even trot,  
While the world now rises by, now lags behind,

Who, when great trials come,  
Nor seeks, nor shunnes them; but doth calmly stay,  
Till he the thing and the example weigh:

All being brought into a summe,  
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo  
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;  
For above all things he abhorres deceit:

His words and workes and fashion too  
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws  
At close temptations: when the day is done, X  
His goodnesse sets not, but in dark can runne:

The sunne to others writeth laws,  
And is their verrue; Verue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat  
With sick folkes, women, those whom passions sway,  
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:

Whom others faults doe not defeat;  
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,  
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will  
To writhe his limbes, and share, not mend the ill.

This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,  
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

### Affliction.

\* MY heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!  
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,

To guide and govern it to my relief,

Making a sceptre of the rod:

Hadst thou not had thy part,

Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave mee both life and shape,  
Thou knowst my tallies; and when there's assign'd  
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?

Or if some yeares with it escape,  
The sigh then only is  
A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still  
Constant unto it, making it to be

A point of honour, now to grieve in me,  
And in thy members suffer ill.

They who lament one crosse,  
Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy losse.

---

*The Starre.*

Right spark, shot from a brighter place,  
Where beams surround my Saviours face,  
Canst thou be any where  
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,  
Take a bad lodging in my heart;  
For thou canst make a debter,  
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust,  
Folly, and worse then folly, lust;  
Then with thy light refine,  
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse,  
Touch it with thy celestially quicknesse,  
That it may hang and move  
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinity of light,  
 Motion, and heat, let's take our flight  
 Unto the place where thou  
 Before didst bow.

✱ Get me a standing there, and place  
 Among the beams, which crown the face  
 Of him, who dy'd to part  
 Sinne and my heart:

That so among the rest I may  
 Glitter, and curl, and wind as they :  
 That winding is their fashion  
 Of adoration.

Sure, thou wilt joy by gaining me  
 To flye home like a laden Bee  
 Unto that hive of beams  
 And garland-streams.

---

### Sunday.

✱ O Day most calm, most bright,  
 The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,  
 Th'indorsement of supreme delight,  
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood;  
 The couch of time, cares balm and bay;  
 The week were dark, but for thy light :  
 The torch doth show the way.



The other dayes, and thou  
Make up one man; whose face thou art,  
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :  
The workie-dayes are the back part ;  
The burden of the week lies there,  
Making the whole to stoop and bowe,  
Till thy release appear.

X Min had straight forward gone  
To endlesse death : but thou dost pull  
And turn us round to look on one,  
Whom, if we were not very dull,  
We could not choose, but look on still ;  
Since there is no place so alone,  
The which he doth not fill.

X Sundayes the pillars are,  
On which heav'ns palace arched lies :  
The other dayes fill up the spare,  
And hollow roome with vanities,  
They are the fruitfull beds and borders  
In Gods rich garden : that is bare,  
Which parts their rankes and orders.

The Sundayes of mans life,  
Threeded together on times string,  
Make bracelets to adorne the wife  
Of the eternall glorious King.  
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope ;  
Blessings are plentifull and rife,  
More plentifull then hope.

This day my Saviour rose,  
 And did inclose this light for his :  
 That, as each beast his manger knowes,  
 Man might not of his fodder misse.  
 Christ hath tooke in this peece of ground,  
 And made a garden there for those  
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our Creation  
 Our great Redeemer did remove  
 With the same shake, which at his passion,  
 Did th'earth, and all things with it move.  
 As Samson bore the doores away,  
 Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation;  
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightnesse of that day  
 We sullied by our foul offence :  
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,  
 Having a new at his expense,  
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price;  
 That was requir'd to make us gay,  
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :  
 And where the week dayes traile on ground,  
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.  
 O let me take thee at the bound,  
 Leaping with thee from sev'n to seven,  
 Till that we both, being tals'd from earth,  
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !

Avarice

**Avarice.**

**M**oney, thou bane of blisse, and source of wo,  
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and  
I know thy parentage is base and low: (fine?)  
Man found thee poore and dirty in a mine.

Surely, thou didst so little contribute  
To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,  
That he was faine, when thou wert destitute,  
To dig thee out of thy darke cave and grots:

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:  
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we  
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:  
Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;  
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

---

Ana. { MARY } gram.  
      { ARMY }

**H**ow well her name an Army doth present,  
In whom the Lord of Hosts did pitch his tent.

---

**To all Angels and Saints.**

**O**H glorious Spirits, who after all your bands  
See the smooth face of God, without a frown  
Or strict commands;  
Where ev'ry one is King, and hath his crown,  
If not upon his head, yet in his hands.

Not out of envie or maliciousnesse  
 Doe I forbear to crave your speciall aid.  
I would addresse
 My vowes to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,  
 And mother of my God, in my distresse.  
 Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,  
 The great restorative for all decay  
In young and old;
 Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewell lay :  
 Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold :  
 But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,  
 Whom we doe all joyntly adore and praise,  
Bids no such thing:
 And where his pleasure no injunction layes;  
 (Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.  
 All worship is prerogative, and a flower  
 Of his rich Crown, from whom lies no appeal  
At the last houre:
 Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,  
 To make a posie for inferiour power.  
 Although then others court you, if ye know  
 What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,  
Who doe not so;
 Since we are ever ready to disburse,  
 If any one our Masters hand can show.

*Employment.*

**H**E that is wemy, let him fir,  
My soul would stirre
 And trade in courtesies and wit,  
Quitting the furre
 To cold complexions needing it.

## *The Church.*

71

Man is no starre, but a quick coal  
Of mortall fire :  
Who blows it not, nor doth controll  
A faint desire,  
Lets his owne ashes choke his soul.  
When th'elements did for place contest  
With him, whose will  
Ordain'd the highest to be best ;  
The earth sat still,  
And by the others is oppress.  
Life is a businesse, not good cheer ;  
Ever in warres.  
The sunne still shineth there or here,  
Whereas the starres  
Watch an advantage to appear.  
Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,  
That busie plant !  
Then should I ever laden be,  
And never want  
Some fruit for him that dressed me.  
But we are still too young or old :  
The man is gone,  
Before we doe our wares unfold :  
So we freeze on,  
Untill the grave increase our cold.

---

## *Deniall.*

**W**hen my deuotions could not pierce  
Thy silent cares ;  
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse ;  
My breast was full of fears  
And disorder :

*The Church.*

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,  
 Did flye asunder:  
 Each took his way: some would to pleasures go,  
 Some to the warres and thunder  
 Of alarms.

As good goe any where, they say,  
 As to benumme  
 Both knees and heart, and crying night and day,  
 Come, come, my God, O come!  
 But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue,  
 To cry to thee,  
 And then not heare it crying! all day long  
 My heart was in my knee  
 But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,  
 Untun'd, unstrung:  
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,  
 Like a nipt blossome, hung  
 Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,  
 Deferre no time;  
 That so thy favours granting my request,  
 They and my mind may chime,  
 And mend my rhyme.

*Christmas.*

\* **A**LL after pleasures as I rid one day,  
 My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,  
 With full cry of affections, quite astray,  
 I took up in the next Inne I could find.

The

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,  
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the end  
 Of pleasures brought me to him, ready were  
 To be all passengers most sweet relief?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,  
 Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a manger,  
 Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,  
 To man of all beasts be not thou a stranger.

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou maist have  
 A better lodging then a rack or grave.

**T**He shepherds sing, and shall I silent be; \*  
 My God, no hymne for thee?  
 My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds  
 Of thoughts and words, and deeds.  
 The pasture is thy word; the streams, thy grace  
 Enriching all the place.  
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers  
 Out-sing the day-light houres.  
 Then we will chide the sunne for letting night  
 Take up his place and right:  
 We sing one common Lord, wherefore he should  
 Himself the candle hold.  
 I will go searching, till I find a sunne  
 Shall stay till we have done;  
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,  
 As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.  
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,  
 And one another pay;  
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,  
 Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

## ¶ Ungratefulnesse.

**L**Ord, with what bountie and clemencie  
 Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave?  
 If thou hadst let us runne,  
 Gladly had man ador'd the sunne,  
 And thought his god most brave;  
 Where now we shall be better gods then he.

Thou hast but two rare Cabinets full of treasure,  
 The *Trinitie*, and *Incarnation*:  
 Thou hast unlockt them both,  
 And made them jewels to betroth  
 The work of thy creation  
 Unto thy self in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier Cabinet is the *Trinitie*,  
 Whose sparkling light access denies:  
 Therefore thou dost not show  
 This fully to us, till death blow  
 The dust into our eyes:  
 For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy sweets are packt up in the other;  
 Thy mercies thither flock and flow:  
 That, as the first affrights,  
 This may allure us with delights;  
 Because this box we know:  
 For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee:  
 When thou demandest but a heart,  
 He cavils instantly.  
 In his poore cabinet of bone  
 Sinnes have their box apart,  
 Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.



¶ Sighs and grones.

O Do not use me

After my sinnes ! look not on my desert,  
But on thy glorie ! then thou wilt reform,  
And not refuse me : for thou onely art  
The mighty God, but I a silly worm :

O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me !  
For what account can thy ill steward make ?  
I have abu'sd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,  
Suckt all thy magazens : my head did ake,  
Till it found out how to consume thy goods :

O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !  
I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night  
Should thicken all my powers ; because my lust  
Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light :  
But I am frailtie, and already dust :

O do not grind me !

O do not fill me  
With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath !  
For thou hast other vessels full of bloud,  
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,  
Ev'n unto death : since he di'd for my good,

O do not kill me !

✱ But O reprieve me !

For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command ;  
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *seal* and *rod*,  
*cardiall* and *Corrosive* : put not thy hand  
Into the bitter box ; but O my God,  
My God, relieve me !

## ¶ The World.

**L**ove built a stately house ; where *Fortune* came :  
 And spinning fantasies, she was heard to say,  
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,  
 Whereas they were supported by the same :  
 But *wisdome* quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who liking not the fashion,  
 Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,  
 Till she had weakned all by alteration :  
 But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamation*  
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entred *Sinne*, and with that *Sycamore*,  
 Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought & dew,  
 Working and winding slyly evermore,  
 The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore :  
 But *Grace* shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sinne* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band  
 To rase the building to the very flore :  
 Which they effected, none could them withstand.  
 But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glorie* by the hand,  
 And built a braver Palace then before.

Coloss.

## Coloss. 3. 3.

*Our life is hid with Christ in God.*

**M**Y words and thoughts doe both expresse this notion  
That *L I F E* hath with the sunne a double motion.  
The first *I S* straight, and our diurnall friend;  
The other *H I D*, and doth obliquely bend.  
One life is wrapt *I N* flesh, and tends to earth :  
The other winds towards *H I M*, whose happy birth  
Taught me to live here so, *T H A T* still one eye  
Should aim and shoot at that which *I S* on high ;  
Quitting with daily labour all *M Y* pleasure,  
To gain at harvest an eternall *T R E A S V R E*.

## ¶ Vanitie.

**T**He fleet Astronomer can bore  
And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind :  
He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,  
Surveys, as if he had design'd  
To make a purchase there : he sees their dances,  
And knoweth long before  
Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble Diver with his side  
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch  
His deerly-earned pearl, which God did hide  
On purpose from the ventrous wretch ;  
That he might save his life and also hers,  
Who with excessive pride  
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can deuest  
 And strip the creature naked, till he find  
 The callow principles within their nest :  
 There he imparts to them his mind,  
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before  
 They appear trim and drest  
 To ordinarie suitors at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,  
 But his deare God ? who yet his glorious law  
 Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground  
 With showres and frosts, with love and aw ;  
 So that we need not say, Where's this command ?  
 Poore man ! thou searchest round  
 To find out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.

## ¶ Lent.

**W**elcome deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee,  
 He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,  
 But is compos'd of passion.  
 The Scriptures bid us *fast* ; the Church sayes, *Now* :  
 Give to thy Mother, what thou wouldst allow  
 To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,  
 Begins at home, and layes the burden there,  
 When doctrines disagree.  
 He sayes, In things which use hath justly got,  
 I am a scandall to the Church, and not  
 The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion  
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,  
When good is seasonable ;  
Unless Authoritie, which should increase  
The obligation in us, make it lesse,  
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,  
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,  
A face not fearing light ;  
Whereas in fulnesse there are sluttish fumes,  
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheums,  
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the Spring  
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,  
And goodnesse of the deed,  
Neither cught other mens abuse of Lent  
Spoil the good use ; lest by that argument  
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christs fortieth day ;  
Yet to go part of that religious way,  
Is better then to rest :  
We cannot reach our Saviours puritie ;  
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*  
In both let's doe our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,  
Is much more sure to meet with him, then one  
That travelleth by-ways.  
Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,  
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more  
May strengthen my decayes,

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our fast  
By starving sinne, and taking such repast  
As may our faults controll:

That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,  
Not in his parlour; banquetting the poore,  
And among those his soul.

---

## ¶ Virtue.

† Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridall of the earth and skie:  
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hew angry and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
My musick shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

¶ The Pearl. *Matth.* 13.

I know the wayes of Learning; both the head  
 And pipes that feed the prelle, and make it runne;  
 What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,  
 Or of it self, like a good huswife, spunne  
 In laws and policie; what the starres conspire;  
 What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;  
 Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found-seas,  
 The stock and surplus, cause and historie:  
 All these stand open, or I have the keyes:  
 Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of Honour, what maintains  
 The quick returns of courtisie and wit:  
 In vies of favours whether partie gains,  
 When glory swells the heart, and moldeth it  
 To all expressions both of hand and eye,  
 Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,  
 And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes:  
 How many drammes of spirit there must be  
 To sell my life unto my friends or foes:  
 Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of Pleasure, the sweet strains,  
 The lullings and the relishes of it.  
 The propositions of hot bloud and brains;  
 What mirth and musick mean; what love and vvit  
 Have done these twenty hundred years, and more:  
 I know the projects of unbridled store:  
 My stuff is flesh, not brasse; my senses live,  
 And grumble oft, that they have more in me  
 Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:  
 Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :  
 Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes,  
 I flie to thee, and fully understand  
 Both the main sale, and the commodities ;  
 And at what rate and price I have thy love ;  
 With all the circumstances that may move :  
 Yet through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit,  
 But thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,  
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it  
 To climbe to thee.

---

### ¶ Affliction.

+ Broken in pieces all asunder,  
     Lord hunt me not,  
     A thing forgot,  
 Once a poore creature, now a wonder ;  
     A wonder tortur'd in the space  
     Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,  
     Wounding my heart  
     With scatter'd smart,  
 As watering-pots give flow'rs their lives.  
     Nothing their fury can controll,  
     While they doe wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,  
     Quitting their place  
     Unto my face :  
 Nothing performs the task of life :  
     The elements are let loose to fight,  
     And while I live, trie out their right.



O help, my God ! let not their plot  
 Kill them and me,  
 And also thee,  
 Who art my life : dissolve the knot,  
 As the sunne scatters by his light  
 All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,  
 Enter thy pay,  
 And day by day  
 Labour thy praise and my relief ;  
 With care and courage building me,  
 Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee

## ¶ Man.

My God, I heard this day,  
 That none doth build a stately habitation,  
 But he that means to dwell therein.  
 What house more stately hath there been,  
 Or can be, then is Man ? to whose creation  
 All things are in decay.

For man is ev'ry thing,  
 And more : He is a tree, yet bears no fruit's ;  
 A beast, yet is or should be more.  
 Reason and speech we onely bring.  
 Parratz may thank us, if they are not mute,  
 They go upon the score,

Man is all symmetric,  
 Full of proportions, one limbe to another,  
 And all to all the world besides :  
 Each part may call the farthest brother.  
 For head with foot hath private amitie,  
 And both with moons and tides ;

Nothing hath got so farre,  
 But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.  
 His eyes dismount the highest starre :  
 He is in little all the sphere.  
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they  
 Find their acquaintance there.

\* For us the winds do blow,  
 The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.  
 Nothing we see, but means our good,  
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*;  
 The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,  
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The starres have us to bed ;  
 Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws :  
 Musick and light attend our head.  
 All things unto our *flsh* are kind  
 In their *descent* and *being*; to our *mind*  
 In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of dutie.  
 Waters united are our navigation ;  
 Distinguished, our habitation ;  
 Below, our drink; above our meat :  
 Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beauty ?  
 Then how are all things neat !

\* More servants wait on Man,  
 Then he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path  
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,  
 When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.  
 O mighty love ! Man is one world, and hath  
 Another to attend him.

Since

So brav  
 Tha  
 Till  
 That as

Cho.

Cho.

Cho.

Cho.

Cho.

Cho.

Cho.

Cho.

Since then, my God, thou hast  
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it;  
That it may dwell with thee at last!  
Till then, afford us so much wit,  
That as the world serves us, we may serve thee,  
And both thy servants be.

---

¶ Antiphone.

*Cho.* Praised be the God of love  
*Men.* Here below,  
*Angels.* And here above;  
*Cho.* Who hath dealt his mercies so,  
*Ang.* To his friend,  
*Men.* And to his foe;  
*Cho.* That both grace and glory tend  
*Ang.* Us of old,  
*Men.* And us in th' end.  
*Cho.* The great Shepherd of the fold  
*Ang.* Us did make,  
*Men.* For us was fold.  
*Cho.* He our foes in pieces brake;  
*Ang.* Him we touch;  
*Men.* And him we take.  
*Cho.* Wherefore since that he is such,  
*Ang.* We adore,  
*Men.* And we do crouch.  
*Cho.* Lord, thy praises should be more,  
*Men.* We have none,  
*Ang.* And we no store;  
*Cho.* Praised be the God alone,  
Who hath made of two folds one.

Un-

## ¶ Unkindnesse.

**L**ord, make me coy and tender to offend.  
 In friendship, first I think, if that agree,  
     Which I intend,  
 Unto my friends intent and end.  
 I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,  
 It is my honour and my love to free  
     His blasted fame  
 From the least spot or thought of blame.  
 I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floore ?  
 Would he have gold ? I lend it instantly ;  
     But let the poore,  
 And thou within them starve at doore.  
 I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,  
 I quit my interest, and leave it free :  
     But when thy grace  
 Sues for my heart, I thee displace ;  
 Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfill ?  
 O write in brasie, *My God upon a tree*  
     *His bloud did spill,*  
*Onely to purchase my good will :*  
 Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.

## ¶ Life.

Made a posie, while the day ran by :  
 Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
 My life within this band.

But Time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they  
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
 And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:  
 I took, without more thinking, in good part  
 Times gentle admonition;  
 Who did so sweetly deaths sad taste convey,  
 Making my mind to smell my fatall day.  
 Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell deare flow'rs ; sweetly your time ye spent,  
 Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,  
 And after death for cures.  
 I follow straight without complaints or grief,  
 Since, if my lent be good, I care not if  
 It be as short as yours.

## ¶ Submission.

But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,  
 And both mine eyes are thine,  
 My mind would be extremely stirr'd  
 For missing my designe.

Were it not better to bestow  
 Some place and power on me?  
 Then should thy praises with me grow,  
 And share in my degree.

But

But when I thus dispute and grieve,  
 I doe resume my fight,  
 And pilfring what I once did give,  
 Diskeile thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,  
 That I should then raise thee  
 Perhaps great places and thy praise  
 Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand;  
 I will no more advise:  
 Onely do thou lend me a hand,  
 Since thou hast both mine eyes.

### ¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy wayes.  
*Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me:*  
*Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:*  
*Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:*  
*Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprove me.*

But when I mark my life and praise,  
 Thy justice me most fitly payes:  
 For I doe praise thee, yet I praise thee not:  
 My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray:  
 I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got:  
 My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.  
 I cannot skill of these my wayes.

### ¶ Charms and Knots.

Who reade a chapter when they rise,  
 Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poore mans rod, when thou dost ride,  
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold :  
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,  
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone  
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,  
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through pride or lust,  
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains ?  
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show :  
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

# ¶ Affliction.

\*MY God, I read this day,  
That planted Paradise was not so firm,  
As was and is thy floating Ark ; whose stay  
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm  
And strengthen it in ev'ry age,  
When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we liv'd in pleasure ;  
Thine own delights thou didst to us impart :  
When we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure  
To make us thine : yet that we might not part,  
As we at first did board with thee,  
Now thou wouldst taste our miserie,

There

There is but joy and grief;  
 If either will convert us, we are thine :  
 Some Angels us'd the first ; if our relief  
 Take up the second, then thy double line  
 And sev'rall baits in either kind  
 Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours ;  
 We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,  
 While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,  
 And ruffle all their curious knots and store.  
 My God, so temper joy and wo,  
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

---

### ¶ Mortification.

**H**OW soon doth man decay !  
 When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets  
 To swaddle infants, whose young breath  
 Scarce knows the way :  
 Those clouts are little winding sheets,  
 Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,  
 They step into their voluntary graves ;  
 Sleep binds them fast ; onely their breath  
 Makes them not dead :  
 Successive nights, like rolling waves,  
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,  
 And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,  
 All day exchanging mirth and breath  
 In companie ;  
 That musick summons to the knell,  
 Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When



When man grows fraid and wise,  
Getting a house and home ; where he may move  
Within the circle of his breath,  
Schooling his eyes ;  
That dumbe inclosure maketh love  
To the coffin, that attends h's death.

When age grows low and weak,  
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,  
Till all do melt, and drown his breath  
When he would speak ;  
A chair or litter shows the beere,  
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,  
Hath put together a solemnitie,  
And drest his herse, while he hath breath  
As yet to spare.  
Yet Lord, instruct us so to die,  
That all these dyings may be life in death.

## ¶ Decay.

Weet were the dayes, when thou didst lodge with  
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon, (Lor,  
Wife with Abraham, when thy power could not  
Encounter Moses strong complaints and more :  
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have sought and found thee presently  
In some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :  
My God this way ? No, they would reply :  
It is to Sinai, gone, as we heard tell ;  
List, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But

But now thou dost thy self immure and close  
 In some one corner of a feeble heart :  
 Where yet both Sinne and Satan, thy old foes,  
 Do pinch and straighten thee, and use much art  
 To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat  
 Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn  
 Doth closet up it self; and still retreat;  
 Cold sinne still forcing it, till it return,  
 And calling justice, all things burn,

### ¶ Miseric.

\* **L**ord, let the Angels praise thy name;  
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;  
 Folly and Sinne play all his game.  
 His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,  
*Man is but grasse,*  
*He knows it, fill the gasse.*

How canst thou brook his foolishnesse?  
 Why, he'l not loose a cup of drink for thee:  
 Bid him but temper his excesse;  
 Not he: he knows where he can better be,  
 And he will swear,  
 Then to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,  
 And make his own, as if none knew but he?  
 No man shall beat into his head,  
 That thou within his curtains drawn canst see:  
 They are of cloth,  
 Where never yet came moth.

## The Church.

93

The best of men, turn but thy hand  
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne:  
They would not have their actions scann'd,  
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,  
Though it be small,  
And measure not their fall.

X They quarrell thee and would give over  
The bargain made to serve thee: but thy love  
Holds them unto it, and doth cover  
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,  
Not suffring those  
Who would, to be thy foes.

// My God, Man cannot praise thy name: \*  
Thou art all brightnesse, perfect puritie:  
// The sunne holds down his head for shame,  
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.  
    How shall infection  
// Presume on thy perfection?

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,  
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:  
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch  
To sing thy prayes, make them lesse divine.  
Yet either this,  
Or none thy portion is.

X Man cannot serve thee; let him go  
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight:  
He doth not like this Virtue, no;  
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:  
These Preachers make  
His head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish man, where are thine eyes?  
 How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares!  
 Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,  
 No, not to purchase the whole pack of starres:  
 There let them shine,  
 Thou must go sleep, or dine.

\* The bird that sees a daintie bower  
 Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,  
 Wonders and sings, but not his power,  
 Who made the arbour: this exceeds her wit.  
 But man doth know  
 The spring, whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,  
 His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign:  
 They make his life a constant blot,  
 And all the blood of God to run in vain.  
 Ah wretch! what verse  
 Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

\* Indeed at first Man was a treasure,  
 A box of jewels, shop of rarities,  
 A ring, whose posse was, *My pleasure*:  
 He was a garden in a Paradise:  
 Glorie and grace  
 Did crown his heart and face.

\* But sinne hath fool'd him. Now he is  
 A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing  
 To raise him to a glimpse of blisse,  
 A sick toils'd vessell, dashing on each thing  
 Nay, his own self:  
 My God, I mean my self.

## ¶ Jordan.

When first my lines of heav'nly joyes made mention,  
 Such was their lustre, they did so excell;  
 sought out quaint words and trim invention;  
 oughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,  
 carling with metaphors a plain intention,  
 Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne,  
 Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:  
 I often blotted what I had begun;  
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead:  
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,  
 Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend,  
 So did I weave my self into the sense.  
 But while I bustled, I might heare a friend  
 Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretense!*  
*There is in love a sweetnesse ready penn'd:*  
*Copie out onely that, and save expense.*

## ¶ Prayer.

OF what an easie quick access,  
 O blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly  
 May our requests thine care invade!  
 To shew that state dislikes not easinesse.  
 I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:  
 Thou canst no more not heare, then thou canst die.

Of what supreme Almighty power  
Is thy great arm, which spans the east and west,  
And tacks the centre to the sphere !  
By it do all things live their measur'd houre :  
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,  
Blaming the shallownesse of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love  
Art thou possesse, who, when thou couldst not die,  
Wert faine to take our flesh and curse,  
And for our sakes in person sinne reprove ;  
That by destroying that which ty'd thy parse,  
Thou mightst make way for liberalitie.

Since then these three wait on thy throne,  
*Ease, Power, and Love*; I value Prayer so,  
That were I to leave all but one,  
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go:  
I and deare Prayer would together dwell,  
And quickly gain for each inch lost an ell.

### ¶ Obedience.

MY God, if writings may  
Convey a Lordship any way  
Whither the buyer and the seller please ;  
Let it not thee displease,  
If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed  
As many lines, as there doth need  
To passe it self and all it hath to thee :  
To which I do agree,  
And here present it as my speciall deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure  
 Cavill, and claim her part and measure,  
 As if this passed with a reservation;  
 Or some such words in fashion;  
 There exclude the wrangler from thy treasure,

★ O let thy saered will  
 All thy delight in me fulfill!  
 Let me not think an action mine own way,  
 But as thy love shall sway,  
 Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,  
 That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree?  
 Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions;  
 So great are thy perfections,  
 Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and bloud  
 Show'd a strange love to all our good:  
 Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,  
 Or superficial offer  
 Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo:  
 To one word onely I say, No.  
 There in the deed there was an intimation  
 Of a gift or donation,  
 And, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will passe his land,  
 As I have mine, may set his hand  
 And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;  
 And make the purchase spread  
 On both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,  
 If some kind man would thrust his heart  
 Into these lines; till in heaven's court of rolls  
 They were by winged souls  
 Entred for both, farre above their desert !

---

### ¶ Conscience.

Peace pratler, doe not lowre :  
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul :  
 Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre ;  
 Musick to thee doth howl.  
 By listning to thy chatting fears  
 I have both lost mine eyes and cares.

Pratler, no more, I say :  
 My thoughts must work, but like a noiselesse sphere.  
 Harmonious peace must rock them all the day :  
 No room for pratlers there.  
 If thou persistest, I will tell thee,  
 That I have physick to expell thee,

And the receit shall be  
 My Saviours blood : when ever at his board  
 I doe but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,  
 And leaves thee not a word,  
 No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,  
 And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,  
 Besides my physick, know ther's some for thee ;  
 Some wood and nails to make a staffe or bill  
 For those that trouble me :  
 The bloody crosse of my deare Lord  
 Is both my physick and my sword.



¶ Sion.

\* Lord, with what glory wast thou serv'd of old,  
When Solomons temple stood and flourished !  
Where most things were of purest gold :  
The wood was all embellished  
With flowers and carvings mysticall and rare :  
All shew'd the builders, crav'd the seers care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state  
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim ;  
Something there was that sow'd debate :  
Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim :  
And now thy architecture meets with sinne ;  
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,  
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it :  
The fight is hard, on either part.  
Great God doth fight, he doth submit.  
All Solomons sea of brasle and world of stone  
Is not so deare to thee as one good grone.

\* And truly brasle and stones are heavy things,  
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee :  
But grones are quick and full of wings,  
And all their motions upward be ;  
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing :  
The note is sad, yet musick for a King.

¶ Home.

Come Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,  
While thou dost ever, ever stay :  
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,  
My spirit gaspeth night and day.  
O shew thy self to me,  
Or take me up to thee !

How canst thou stay, considering the pace  
 The bloud did make, which thou didst waste;  
 When I behold it trickling down thy face,  
 I never saw thing make such haste.  
 O show thy self to me,  
 Or take me up to thee !

When Man was lost, thy pitie lookt about  
 To see what help in th'earth or skie :  
 But there was none ; at least no help without :  
 The help did in thy bosome lie.  
 O show thy, &c.

There lay thy Sonne : and must he leave that nest,  
 That hive of sweetnesse, to remove  
 Thraldome from those, who would not at a feast  
 Leave one poore apple for thy love ?  
 O show thy, &c.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer deare,  
 After all this canst thou be strange ?  
 So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appear ?  
 As if thy love could fail or change.  
 O show thy, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay ?  
 My God, what is this world to me ?  
 This world of wo ? hence all ye clouds, away,  
 Away ; I must get up and see.  
 O show thy, &c.

What is this wearie world, this meat and drink,  
 That chaines us by the teeth so fast ?  
 What is this womankind, which I can wink  
 Into a blacknesse and distaste ?  
 O show thy, &c.

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day  
I blasted all the joyes about me:  
And scouling on them as they pin'd away,  
Now come again, said I, and flout me.  
O show thy self to me,  
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush & brake,  
Which way soe're I look, I see.  
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,  
They dresse themselves and come to thee.  
O show thy, &c.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things,  
But when we leave our corn and hay:  
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings  
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.  
O show thy, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie!  
That my free soul may use her wing,  
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,  
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.  
O show thy, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and grone?  
The most of me to heav'n is fled:  
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,  
And for their old acquaintance plead.  
O show thy, &c.

Come dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,  
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray:  
And ev'n my verse, when by the rhyme and reason  
The word is, *Stay*, sayes ever, *Come*.  
O show thy self to me,  
Or take me up to thee!

## ¶ The Brittish Church.

Joy, deare Mother, when I view  
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue  
Both sweet and bright.

Beautie in thee takes up her place,  
And dates her letters from thy face,  
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,  
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,  
Shews who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare :  
For all they either painted are,  
Or else undress.

She on the hills, which wantonly  
Allureth all in hope to be  
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,  
That ev'n her face by kissing shines,  
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shie  
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie  
About her eares :

While she avoids her neighbours pride,  
She wholly goes on th' other side,  
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, ( what those misse )  
The mean thy praise and glory is,  
And long may be.

Blessed be God, whose love it was  
To double-moat thee with his grace,  
And none but thee.

## ¶ The Quip.

The merry world did on a day  
 With his train-bands and mates agree  
 To meet together, where I lay,  
 And all in sport to geere at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose;  
 Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,  
 Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those?  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Then Money came, and chinking still,  
 What tune is this, poete man? said he:  
 I heard in Musick you had skill.  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Then came brave Glory puffing by  
 In silks that whistled, who but he?  
 He scarce allow'd me half an eye.  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,  
 And he would needs a comfort be,  
 And, to be short, make an oration.  
*But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.*

Yet when the houre of thy designe  
 To answer these fine things shall come;  
 Speak not at large, say, I am thine:  
 And then they have their answer home.

## ¶ Vanitie.

\* **P**Oore silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;  
 Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;  
 To whom the starres shine not so fair, as eyes;  
 Nor solid work, as false embroderies:  
 Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure  
 And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

**O** heare betimes, lest thy relenting  
 May come too late!  
**T**o purchase heaven for repenting,  
 Is no hard rate.  
**I**f soules be made of earthly mold,  
 Let them love gold;  
 If born on high,  
 Let them unto their kindred flie:  
 For they can never be at rest,  
 Till they regain their ancient nest.  
**T**hen silly soul take heed; for earthly joy  
 Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

---

## ¶ The Dawning

**A** Wake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:  
 Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;  
 Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:  
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:  
 Awake, awake;  
 And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.  
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie;  
 And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise

Arise sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand ,  
 Christs resurrection thine may be :  
 Do not by hanging down break from the hand ,  
 Which as it riseth , raiseth thee :

Arise , arise ;

And with his buriall-linen dry thine eyes. (grief  
 Christ left his grave-clothes , that we might , when  
 Draws tears , or blood , not want an handkerchief.

## ¶ J E S U.

J E S U is in my heart , his sacred name  
 Is deeply carved there : but th'other week  
 A great affliction broke the little frame ,  
 Ev'n all to pieces ; which I went to seek :  
 And first I found the corner , where was J ,  
 After , where E S , and next where U was graved ,  
 When I had got these parcels , instantly  
 I sat me down to spell them , and perceived  
 That to my broken heart he was *I ease you* ,  
 And to my whole is *J E S U* .

## ¶ Businesse.

CAnst be idle ? canst thou play ,  
 Foolish soul , who sinn'd to day ?

Rivers runne , and springs each one  
 Know their home , and get them gone :  
 Hast thou tears , or hast thou none ?

If , poore soul , thou hast no tears  
 Would thou hadst no faults or fears !  
 Who hath these , those in forbears .

Winds still work: it is their plot,  
Be the season cold, or hot,  
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

Or thou hast no sighs or groanes,  
Wouldst thou hadst no flesh and bones!  
Lesser paines scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,  
Foolish soule, Who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throte,  
To assume thy flesh and bone?  
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,  
Thou hadst di'd most wretchedly;  
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so farre thy good did plot,  
That his own selfe he forgot.  
Did he die, or did he not?

If he hadst not di'd for thee,  
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie.  
Two lives worse then ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath  
Twixt his finnes and Saviours death

He that loseth gold, though drosse,  
Tells to all he meets, his crosse:  
He that finnes, hath he no losse?

He that finds a silver vein,  
Thinks on it, and thinks again:  
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,  
Neither siene nor Saviour feels,

¶ Dialogue.



## ¶ Dialogue.

Sweetest Saviour, if my soul

Were but worth the having,  
Quickly then should I controll

Any thought of waving.

But when all my care and pains  
Cannot give the name of gains

To thy wretch so full of stains;

What delight or hope remains?

what (child) is the balance thine?

Thine the poise and measure?

If I say, Thou shalt be mine,

Finger not my treasure.

what the gains in having thee

Do amount to, onely he,

who for man was sold, can see,

That transferr'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,

Leading to this favour,

So the way to fit me for it,

Is beyond my savour,

As the reason then is thine;

So the way is none of mine:

I disclaime the whole disigne:

Sinne disclaims, and I resigne.

That is all, if that I could

Get without repining;

And my clay, my creature would

Follow my resigning:

That as I did freely part

With my glory and desert,

Left all joyes to feel all smart——

Ah! no more: thou break'st my heart.

¶ Dulnesse,

## ¶ Dulnesse.

Why do I languish thus drooping and dull,  
As if I were all earth?

O give me quicknesse, that I may with mirth  
Praise thee brimfull!

The wanton lover in a curious strain  
Can praise his fairest fair;  
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair  
Curle o're again.

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,  
Beauty alone to me:  
Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes thee  
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,  
That those thy form doth show,  
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go,  
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?  
Where are my window-songs?  
Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs  
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred lies  
Still mock me, and grow bold:  
Sure thou didst put a mind there, if I could  
Find where it lies.

Lord clear thy gift, that with a constant wit  
I may but look towards thee:  
Look onely; for to love thee, who can be,  
What angel fit?

¶ Love

## ¶ Love-joy

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,  
 I saw a vine drop grapes with I and C:  
 Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by  
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth  
 To spend my judgment) said, It seem'd to me  
 To be the body and the letters both  
 Of Joy and charity. Sir, you have not mis'd,  
 The man reply'd; It figures JESUS CHRIST.

## ¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end  
 Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,  
 And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend  
 To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land  
 Onely to man thou hast made known thy wayes,  
 And put the pen alone into his hand,  
 And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;  
 Trees would be tuning on their native lute  
 To thy renown: but all their hands and throats  
 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest: he doth present  
 The sacrifice for all; while they below  
 Unto the service mutter an assent,  
 Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,  
 Doth not refrain unto himself alone,  
 But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain;  
 And doth commit a world of sinne in one.

The beasts say, Eat me: But, if beasts must reach,  
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.  
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,  
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present  
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:  
And just it is that I should pay the rent,  
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love  
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;  
Who doth so strongly and so sweetly move,  
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*  
Lay hands on all: they are the *right* and *left*.  
The first puts on with speed and expedition;  
The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both: all must appeare,  
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,  
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare  
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:  
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.  
Thou art in all things one in each thing many:  
For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to thee; they know thy hand;  
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,  
Which crie and follow. Thou hast made poore sand  
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,  
Where all may reach: no beast but knows his feed,  
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:  
The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his mear  
Flies have their table spread, e're they appear,  
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;  
Others doe sleep and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin;  
And make a twist checker'd with night and day!  
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,  
As bouls goe on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdome for his good.  
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying.  
When they are callow; but withdraw their food  
When they are fledge, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise  
Their masters flow'r, but leave it, having done,  
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:  
So both the flow'r doth stay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more:  
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil:  
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store;  
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to expresse the rare  
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?  
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care  
Would shew a roo't that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what have the starres!  
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.  
Doublelesse our plagues and plenty, peace and warres  
Are there much surer then our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metalls: man may take them thence;  
But at his perill: when he digs the place,  
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,  
And threatned man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost ?  
 Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due ?  
 Since where are poysons, antidotes are most ;  
 Thy help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea which seems to stop the traveller,  
 Is by a ship the speedier passage made ;  
 The winds, who think they rule the mariner,  
 Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore  
 Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.  
 The hills with health abound ; the vales with store ;  
 The South with marble, North with furies and woods.

Hard things are glorious ; easie things good cheap.  
 The common all men have : that which is rare,  
 Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.  
 The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glasse : warm without weight  
 Is wool and furies : cool without closenesse, shade ;  
 Speed without pains, a horse : tall without height,  
 A servile hawk : low without losse, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need :  
 If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run  
 For their offence ; and then dost turn their speed  
 To be commerce and trade from sunne to sunne.

Nothing wears clothes but Man ; nothing doth need  
 But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,  
 But man alone, to shew his heav'nly breed :  
 And onely he hath fewel in desire.

When th'earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet :  
 Whē that lay gather'd, thou didst brook the mountains:  
 When yet some places could no moisture get, (rains.  
 The winds grew gard'ners, and the clouds good foun-  
 Rain,

Rose, do not hurt my flowers ; but gently spend  
Your hony drops , presse not to smell them here :  
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,  
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears ! and yet they make  
A better hedge, and need lesse reparation.  
How smooth are silks compared with a stake,  
Or with a stone ! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,  
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone  
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and canne,  
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry,  
Cold fruits warm kernels help against the wind.  
The limons juyce and rind cure mutually.  
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expresse a feast,  
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.  
Frogs marry fish and flesh ; bats, bird and beast ;  
Sponges, non-sense & sense ; mines, th'earth and plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot  
Were worse then ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.  
Most things move th'under-jaw ; the Crocodile not.  
Most things sleep lying ; th'Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?  
None can expresse thy works, but he that knows them :  
And none can know thy works, which are so many,  
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'ral ways,  
Yet in their being joyn with one advice  
To honour thee : and so I give thee praise  
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each

Each thing that is, although in use and name  
 It goe for one, hath many wayes in store  
 To honour thee: and so each hymne thy fame  
 Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

## ¶ Hope.

I Gave to Hope a watch of mine : but he  
 An anchor gave to me,  
 Then an old Prayer-book I did present:  
 And he an optick sent.  
 With that I gave a vial full of tears :  
 But he a few green ears.  
 Ah Loyerer ! I'le no more, no more I'le bring :  
 I did expect a ring.

## ¶ Sinnes round.

Sory I am, my God, sorie I am,  
 That my offences course it in a ring.  
 My thoughts are working like a busie flame,  
 Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring:  
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,  
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.  
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,  
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.  
 They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,  
 And by their breathing venilate the ill.  
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions :  
 My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.  
 My hands doe joyn to finish the inventions :  
 And so my sinnes ascend three stories high,  
 As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.  
 Yet ill deeds loyter not : for they supply  
 New thoughts of sinning : wherefore to my shame,  
 Sorie I am, my God, sory I am.



## ¶ Time.

Eating with Time, Slack thing, said I,

Thy sicke is dull; whet it for shame.

Marvel, Sir, he did reply,

It at length deserve some blame:

But where one man would have me grind it,

Twenty for one too sharp doe find it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,

Who above all things lov'd this life;

Whom thy sicke a hatchet was,

Which now is but a pruning-knife.

Christs coming hath made man thy debter;

Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest:

Where thou onely wert before

An executioner at best;

Thou art a gard'ner now, and more,

Another to convey our souls

Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,

While it detains us from our God.

And pleasures here increase the wrong,

And length of dayes lengthen the rod.

Who wants the place where God doth dwell;

Partakes already half of hell.

What strange length must that needs be,

Which ev'n eternity excludes!

Thus farre Time heard me patiently:

Then chafing said, This man deludes:

What doe I here before his doore?

He doth not crave lesse time, but more:

¶ Grate

## ¶ Gratefulness.

**T**Hou that hast giv'n so much to me,  
 Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.  
 See how thy begger works on thee  
 By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more.  
 And sayes, If he in this be crost,  
 All thou hast giv'n him heretofore  
 Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first  
 Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,  
 What it would come to at the worst  
 To save.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,  
 Tears fullying thy transparent rooms,  
 Gift upon gift; much would have more,  
 And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on,  
 And didst allow us all our noise?  
 Nay, thou hast made a sigh and grone  
 Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above  
 Much better tunes then grones can make;  
 But that these countrey-aies thy love  
 Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again;  
 And in no quiet canst thou be,  
 Till I a thankfull heart obtain  
 Of thee:

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me ;  
As if thy blessings had spare dayes :  
But such a heart, whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.

---

¶ Peace. +

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave, +  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave,  
And ask'd if Peace were there.  
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :  
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :  
Surely, thought I,  
This is the lace of Peaces coat :  
I will search out the matter.  
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spie  
A gallant flower,  
The crown Imperiall : Sure, said I,  
Peace at the root must dwell.  
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour  
What shew'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man ;  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began :  
There was a Prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase  
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnesse did not save  
 His life from foes.  
 But after death out of his grave  
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:  
 Which many wondring at, got some of those  
 To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse  
 Through all the earth:  
 For they that taste it do rehearse,  
 That virtue lies therein;  
 A secret virtue bringing peace and mirth  
 By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
 And grows for you;  
 Make bread of it: and that repose  
 And peace, which every where  
 With so much earnestnesse you doe pursue,  
 Is onely there.

### ¶ Confession.

O What a cunning guest  
 Is this same grief & within my heart I made  
 Closets, and in them many a chest;  
 And, like a master in my trade,  
 In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till:  
 Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can  
 Into a piece of timber work and wind,  
 As Gods afflictions into man,  
 When he a torture hath design'd.  
 They are too subtil for the subt'lest hearts;  
 And fall, like rheums, upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth; and they,  
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about :  
And till they foot and clutch their prey,  
They never cool, much lesse give out.  
No smith can make such locks but they have keyes:  
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-ways.

Onely an open breast  
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;  
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,  
But quickly seek some new adventure.  
Smooth open hearts no fasting have; but fiction  
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sinnes,  
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away :  
For since confession pardon winnes,  
I challenge here the brightest day,  
The clearest diamond : let them doe their best,  
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

---

### ¶ Giddineffe.

O what a thing is man ! how farre from power,  
From settled peace and rest !  
He is some twenty sev' rall men at least  
Each sev' rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure :  
But then a thought creeps in,  
And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne  
Will lose a pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres ;  
 Not eat his bread in peace,  
 And snudge in quiet ; now he scorns increase ;  
 Now all day spares.

He builds an house, which quickly down must go,  
 As if a whirlwind blew  
 And crusht the building : and it's partly true,  
 His mind is so.

O what a sight were Man, if his attires  
 Did alter with his mind ;  
 And, like a Dolphins skinne, his clothes combin'd  
 With his desires !

Surely if each one saw anothers heart,  
 There Would be no commerce,  
 No sale or bargain passe : all would disperse,  
 And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us : one creation  
 Will not suffice our turn :  
 Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn  
 Our own salvation.

### ¶ The bunch of grapes.

Joy, I did lock thee up, but some bad man  
 Hath let thee out again :  
 And now, me thinks, I am where I began  
 Seven years ago ; one vogue and vein,  
 One aire of thoughts usurps my brain.  
 I did towards Canaan draw ; but now I am  
 Brought back to the Red sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by Gods command  
 Travell'd, and saw no town;  
 So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:  
 Their storie pens and sets us down.  
 A single deed is small renown.  
 Gods works are wide, and let in future times  
 His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;  
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast:  
 We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;  
 Alas! our murmurings come not last.  
 But where's the cluster? where's the taste  
 Of mint inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,  
 Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?  
 I have their fruit and more.  
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noah's vine,  
 And made it bring forth grapes good store.  
 But much more him I must adore,  
 Who of the Laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,  
 Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

### ¶ Love unknown.

Deare friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:  
 And in my faintings I presume your love  
 Will more comply then help. A Lord I had,  
 And have, of whom some grounds which may improve  
 I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.  
 To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,  
 And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he  
 (I sigh to say)

Lookt on a servant, who did know his eye  
 Better then you know me, or (which is one)  
 Then I my self. The servant instantly  
 Quitting the fruit seiz'd on my heart alone,  
 And threw it in a font, wherein did fall  
 A stream of blood which issu'd from the side  
 Of a great rock: I well remember all,  
 And have good cause: there it was dipt and di'd,  
 And washt and wrung: the very wringing yet  
 Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*  
 Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit  
 Many a fault more then my lease will bear;  
 Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.  
 But yett shall heare. After my heart was well,  
 And clean and fair, as I one even tide

(I sigh to tell)

Walkt by my selfe abroad, I saw a large  
 And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon  
 A boyling caldron, round about whose verge  
 Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION*.  
 The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went  
 To fetch a sacrifice out of the fold,  
 Thinking with that which I did thus present,  
 To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.  
 But as my heart did tender it, the man  
 Who was to take it from me, slip't his hand,  
 And threw my heart into the scalding pan;  
 My heart that brought it (do you understand?)  
 The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*  
 Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter  
 Began to spread and to expatiate there:  
 But with a richer drug then scalding water  
 I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,  
 Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,  
 A friend did steal into my cup for good,  
 Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine



To supple hardnesſes. But at the length  
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled  
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength  
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed.  
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults,  
(I ſigh to ſpeak)

I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,  
I would ſay *thorns*. Deare, could my heart not break,  
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?  
Full well I underſtood who had been there:  
For I had giv'n the key to none but one;  
It muſt be he. *Your heart was dull I feare.*  
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepie ſtate of mind  
Did oft poſſeſſe me? ſo that when I pray'd,  
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behind.  
But all my ſcores were by another paid,  
Who took the debt upon him. Truly, Friend,  
For ought I beare, your Maſter ſhewes to you  
More favour then you wor'ſt. *Mark the end.*  
The Font did onely what was old renew:  
The Caldron ſuppled what was grown too hard.  
The thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:  
All did but ſtrive to mend what you had marr'd.  
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full  
Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,  
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans medley.

HEark how the birds doe ſing, +  
And woods doe ring.  
All creatures have their joy: and man hath his.  
Yet, if we rightly meaſure,  
Mans joy and pleaſure  
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is,

To this life thing of sense  
 Make their pretense :  
 In th' other Angels have a right by birth :  
 Man ties them both alone,  
 And makes them one,  
 With th'one hand touching heav'n, with th'other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,  
 In flesh he dies.  
 He wears a stuff, whose thread is course and round,  
 But trimm'd with curious lacc,  
 And should take place  
 After the trimming, not the stuffe and ground.

Nor that he may not here  
 Taste of the cheer :  
 But as birds drink, and strait lift up their head,  
 So must he sip and think  
 Of better drink  
 He may attain to after he is dead

But as his joyes are double  
 So is his trouble.  
 He hath two winters, other things but one :  
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip,  
 And bite his lip ;  
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs  
 May be reliefs,  
 Could he but take them right, and in their wayes  
 Happy is he whose heart  
 Hath found the art  
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

## ¶ The Storm.

If, as the winds and waters here below  
 Doe flie and flow,  
 My sighs and tears as busie were above,  
 Sure they would move  
 And much affect thee, as tempestuous times  
 Amaze poore mortalls, and object their crimes.

Starres have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,  
 Aswell as we.  
 A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse  
 Hath a strange force :  
 It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,  
 Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,  
 And drowns the song.

Glory and honour are set by till it  
 An answer get:

Poets have wrong'd poore storms : such dayes are best;  
 They purge the aire without, within the breast.

## ¶ Paradise.

Blesse thee, Lord, because I G R O W  
 Among thy trees, which in a R O W  
 In thee both fruit and order O W.

What open force, or hidden C H A R M  
 Can blast my fruit, or bring me H A R M.  
 While the inclosure is thine A R M?

Inclose me still for feare I **S T A R T**.  
 Be to me rather sharp and **T A R T**,  
 Then let me want thy hand and **A R T**.

When thou dost greater judgements **S P A R E**,  
 And with thy knife but prune and **P A R E**,  
 Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull **A R E**.

Such sharpnesse shows the sweetest **F R I E N D**:  
 Such cuttings rather heale then **R E N D**:  
 And such beginnings touch their **E N D**.

---

### ¶ The Method.

**P**OORE heart, lament.  
 For since thy God refuseth still,  
 There is some rub, some discontent,  
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*  
 Quickly effect what thou dost move;  
 For he is *Power*: and sure he *would*;  
 For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,  
 Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book.  
 If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,  
 Wouldst thou not look?

What doe I see  
 Written above there? *Yesterday*  
*I did behave me carelesly,*  
*when I did pray.*

And should Gods care  
To such indifferents chained be,  
Who doe not their own motions heare?  
Is God lesle free?

But stay! what's there?  
*Late when I would have something done,  
I had a motion to forbear,  
Yet I went on.*

And should Gods care,  
Which needs not man, be ry'd to those  
Who heare not him, but quickly heare  
His utter toes?

Then once more pray:  
Down with thy knees, up with thy voyce,  
Seek pardon first, and God will say,  
*Glad heart rejoyce.*

---

### ¶ Divinitie.

**A** S men, for feare the starres should sleep and nod,  
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd;  
As if a starre were duller then a clod,  
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,  
Divinities transcendent skie:  
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.  
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom which first broch'd the wine,  
Have thicken'd it with definitions?  
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,  
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,  
 Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came :  
 At least those beams of truth, which onely save,  
 Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

*Love God, and love your neighbour. watch and pray,  
 Doe as you would be done unto.*

O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day !  
 Who can these Gordian knots undoe ?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine,  
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,  
 To take and taste what he doth there designe,  
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man ;  
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head.  
 Faith need no stasse of flesh, but stoutly can  
 To heav'n alone both goe and lead.

*Ephes. 4. 30.*

*Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.*

**A**Nd art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,  
 When I am sowre,  
 And crosse thy love ?  
 Grieved for me ? the God of strength and power  
 Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,  
 I passe away and leave it dead ?

Then

Then

That weep nine eyes, the God of love doth grieve :  
Weep foolish heart,  
And weeping live :

For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,  
End as the night, (whose fable hue  
Your sinnes expresse : ) melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore,  
Crie out, get hence,  
Or crie no more.

Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense :  
I sinne not to my grieve alone,  
But to my Gods too; he doth grone :

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,  
Which may with thee  
All day complain.

There can no discord but in ceasing be.  
Marbles can weep; and surely strings  
More bowels have then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,  
Ev'n endlesse tears  
Without relief.

If a clear spring for me no time forbears,  
But runnes, although I be not drie ;  
I am no Crystall, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail  
Nature denies ;  
And flesh would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes :  
Lord, pardon, for thy Sonne makes good  
My want of tears with store of bloud.

## \* ¶ The Family.

† **W**Hat doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,  
 As if they had a part?  
 What doe these loud complaints and pulling tears,  
 As if there were no rule or cares?

✕ But, Lord, the house and familie are thine,  
 Though some of them repine.  
 Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat:  
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes controll;  
 Then Order playes the soul;  
 And giving all things their set forms and houres,  
 Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

✕ Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,  
 Expecting a command:  
 Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,  
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;  
 But griefs without a noise:  
 Yet speak they louder then distemper'd fears.  
 What so still as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:  
 And where these are not found,  
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;  
 But not to make a constant stay.



¶ The Size.

\* Content thee, greedy heart.

Modest and moderate joyes to those, that have  
Title to more hereafter when they part,  
Are passing brave.

Let th' upper springs into the low  
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught  
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in a cinnamon sail ?  
If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,  
When griefs prevail,  
And for the future time art heir  
To th' Isle of spices, is't not fair ?

To be in both worlds full  
Is more then God was, who was hungry here.  
Wouldst thou his laws of fasting difanull ?

Enact good cheer ?  
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it ?  
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it ?

Great joyes are all at once ;  
But little doe reserve themselves for more :  
Those have their hopes ; these what they have renown  
And live on score :  
These are at home ; these journey still,  
And meet the rest on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,  
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,  
At least in lump : for such doth oft destroy ;  
Whereas a bit

Doth tice us on to hopes of more,  
And for the present health restore.

A Christians state and case  
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,  
Yet active strength : whose long and honie face  
Content and care  
Doe seem to equally divide,  
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;  
Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.  
If comforts sell according to desert,  
They would great frosts and snows destroy :  
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam  
Which thou hast open'd: do not spread thy robe  
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream;  
An earthly globe,  
On whose meridian was engraven,  
*These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven.*

**Artillerie.**

AS I one evening sat before my cell,  
 My thoughts a starre did shoot into my lap.  
 I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well,  
 That from small fires comes oft no small mishap;  
 When suddenly I heard one say,  
*Doe as thou wifest, disobey,*  
*Expect good motions from thy breast,*  
*Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.*

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres.  
 But not of speech in starres, began to muse:  
 But turning to my God, whose Ministers  
 The starres and all things are; If I refuse,  
     Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good;  
     Then I refuse not ev'n with blood  
     To wash away my stubborn thought;  
 For I will doe, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,  
 Born where thy servants both artilleries use.  
 My tears and prayers night and day doe woo,  
 And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.  
     Not but I am (I must say still)  
     Much more oblig'd to doe thy will,  
     Then thou to grant mine : but because  
 Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deigne  
 To enter combat with us, and contest  
 With thine own clay. But I would parley faine:  
 Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.  
     Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine;  
     I must be so, if I am mine.  
     There is no artickling with thee:  
 I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

## ¶ Church-rents and schismes.

**B**Rave rose, (alás!) where art thou? in the chair  
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,  
 A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair  
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.  
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the root  
 And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind  
 Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,  
 Where rude unhallow'd steps doe crush and grind  
 Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,  
 And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,  
 And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious blood  
 Gave you a colour ooce; which when your foes  
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,  
 And made you look much fresher then before.  
 But when debates and fretting jealousies  
 Did worm and work within you more and more,  
 Your colour faded, and calamities  
 Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:  
 Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your sev'rall parts unloose and start:  
 Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-wind  
 They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt  
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kind,  
 Where shall I get me eyes enow to weep,  
 As many eyes as starres? Since it is night,  
 And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,  
 And ev'n all Africk; would at least I might  
 With these two poore one lick up all the dew  
 Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

¶ Justice.

## ¶ Justice.

O Dreadfull Justice, what a fright and terrour  
Wast thou of old,  
When sinne and errour  
Did show and shape thy looks to me,  
And through their glasse discolour thee !  
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,  
Like two great pits;  
The beame and scape  
Did like some tort'ring engine show :  
Thy hand above did burn and glow,  
Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christs pure vail presents the sight,  
I see no fears :  
Thy hand is white,  
Thy scales like buckets, which attend  
And interchangeably descend,  
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,  
Now I still touch  
And harp on thee.  
Gods promises have made thee mine :  
Why should I justice now decline ?  
Against me there is none, but for me much.

## ¶ The Pilgrimage.

I travell'd on, seeing the hill, where lay  
My expectation:  
A long it was and weary way.  
The gloomy cave of Desperation  
Llest on th' one, and on the other side  
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Phanfies meadow strow'd  
 With many a flower :  
 Fain would I here have made abode,  
 But I was quicken'd by my houre.  
 So to Cares cops I came, and there got through  
 With much adoe.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which  
 Some call the wold;  
 A wasted place, but sometimes rich.  
 Here I was robb'd of all my gold,  
 Save one good Angell, which a friend had ti'd  
 Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladfome hill,  
 Where lay my hope,  
 Where lay my heart : and climbing still,  
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,  
 A lake of Brackish waters on the ground  
 Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting  
 Ofswarning fears,  
 I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King!  
 Can both the way and end be tears?  
 Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd  
 I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further : so I flung away,  
 Yet heard a crie  
 Just as I went, *None goes that way*  
*And lives* : If that be all said I,  
 After so foule a journey death is fair,  
 And but a chair.

## ¶ The Hold-fast.

I Threatned to observe the strict decree \*  
 Of my deare God with all my power and might :  
 But I was told by one it could not be;  
 Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone,  
 Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his :  
 We must confesse that nothing is our own.  
 Then I confesse that he my succour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse  
 That we have nought, I stood amaz'd at this,  
 Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse,  
 That all things were more ours by being his.  
 What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,  
*Christ* keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

## ¶ Complaining.

\* DO not beguile my heart,  
 Because thou art  
 My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,  
 Because I am  
 Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls

Thou art the Lord of glory?  
 The deed and story  
 Are both thy due : but I a silly flie,  
 That live or die  
 According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord?  
 Shows not thy word  
 More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,  
 To weep or crie ?  
 Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not thy wrathfull power  
 Afflict my houre,  
 My inch of life : or let thy gracious power  
 Contract my houre,  
 That I may climbe and finde relief.

---

### ¶ The Discharge.

**B**usie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?  
 Why dost thou prie;  
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye  
 Look high and low,  
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?  
 Hast thou not made thy counts, and sum'm'd up all ?  
 Did not thy heart  
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?  
 Let what will fall :  
 That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,  
 And is his right.  
 He is thy night at noon : he is at night  
 Thy noon alone.  
 The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,  
 That God did make  
 Thy businesse his, and in thy life partake:  
 For thou canst tell,  
 If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.  
 And happy thou,  
 If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,  
 Thou couldst well see  
 What present things requir'd of thee.



They aske enough; why shouldst thou further go?

Raise not the mudde

Offuture depths, but drink the clear and good.

Dig not for wo

In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,

He breaks the square.

This houre is mine : if for the next I care,

I grow too wide,

And doe encroch upon deaths side :

For death each houre environs and furrounds.

He that would know

And care for future chances, cannot go

Unto those grounds,

But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die: but they that spend

Their thoughts and sense

On future grief, do not remove it thence,

But it extend,

And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loose the chain,

And wake thy sorrow?

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,

And then again

Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it must,

Doe not forecast :

And while it cometh, it is almost past.

Away distrust :

My God hath promis'd; He is just.

¶ Praise

## ★ ¶ Praise.

King of Glory, King of Peace,

I will love thee:

And that love may never cease,

I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,

Thou hast heard me:

Thou didst note my working breast,

Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art

I will sing thee,

And the cream of all my heart

I will bring thee.

Though my finnes against me cried,

Thou didst clear me;

And alone, when they replied,

Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,

I will raise thee.

In my heart, though not in heaven,

I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist tears,

Thou relentedst:

And when Iustice call'd for fears,

Thou dissentedst.

( Small it is, in this poore sort

To enroll thee:

( Ev'n eternity is too short

To extoll thee.

## ¶ An offering.

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow  
 As mens returns, what would become of fools?  
 What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?  
 Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.  
 Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:  
 In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation  
 Since many gifts do challenge many hearts;  
 Yet one, if good, may tittle to a number;  
 And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.  
 In publick judgments one may be a nation,  
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease,  
 As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions  
 Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;  
 Thy passions have their set partitions:  
 These parcell out thy heart: recover these,  
 And thou maist offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a bloud, (close  
 Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and  
 All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.  
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,  
 Untill thou find and use it to thy good:  
 Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymne be this,

Since my sadnesse  
 Into gladnesse  
 Lord thou dost convert,  
 O accept  
 What thou hast kept,  
 As thy due desert.

Had I many,  
 Had I any;  
 (For this heart is none)  
 All were thine  
 And none of mine;  
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour  
 May give favour  
 To this poore oblation;  
 And it raise  
 To be thy praise,  
 And be my salvation.

### ¶ Longing.

With sick and famisht eyes,  
 With doubling knees and weary bones,  
 To thee my cryes,  
 To thee my grones,  
 To thee my sighs, and tears ascend:  
 No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;  
 My heart is wither'd like a ground  
 Which thou dost curse.  
 My thoughts turn round  
 And make me giddy: Lord I fall,  
 Yet call.

From thee all pittie flows.  
 Mothers are kind, because thou art,  
 And dost dispose  
 To them a part:  
 Their infants them, and they suck thee  
 More free.

## The Church.

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Bowels of pitie, heare!  
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,  
Bow down thine eare!  
Let not the wind  
Scatter my words, and in the same  
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!  
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,  
What heats abound!  
What griefs, what shames!  
Consider Lord; Lord, bow thine eare,  
And heare!

Lord Iesu, thou didst bowe  
Thy dying head upon the tree:  
O be not now  
More dead to me!  
Lord heare! *shall he that made the eare,*  
*Not heare?*

X Behold, thy dust doth stirre;  
It moves, it creeps, it aimes at thee:  
Wilt thou deferre  
To succour me,  
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumbe  
Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.  
Hast thou left all things to their course,  
And laid the reins  
Upon the horse?  
Is all lockt? hath a sinners plea  
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the world's thy book,  
Where all things have their leaf assign'd :

Yet a meek look  
Hath interlin'd.

Thy board is full, yet humble guests  
Find nests.

Thou carriest, while I die,  
And fall to nothing : thou dost raigne,  
And rule on high,  
While I remain

In bitter grief : yet am I styl'd  
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,  
Not to relieve; how can it be,

That thou art grown  
Thus hard to me ?

Were sinne alive, good cause there were  
To bear.

But now both sinne is dead,  
And all thy promises live and abide :

That wants his head;

These speak and chide,

And in thy bosome poure my tears,  
As theirs.

✕ Lord J E S U, heare my heart,  
Which hath been broken now so long,

That ev'ry part

Hath got a tongue ;

Thy beggers grow ; rid them away  
To day.

My love, my sweetnesse, heare!  
By these thy feet, at which my heart  
Lies all the yeare.  
Pluck out thy dart  
And heal my troubled breast, which cries,  
Which dies.

---

¶ *The Bagge.*

A Way despaire; my gracious Lord doth heare, \*  
Though winds and waves assault my keel,  
He doth preserve: he doth steer,  
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.  
Storms are the triumph of his art:  
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard that my Lord I E S U S did?  
Then let me tell thee a strange storie,  
The God of power, as he did ride  
In his majestick robes of glory.  
Resolv'd to light: and so one day  
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,  
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,  
The skie his azure mantle gain'd.  
And when they ask'd what he would wear:  
He smil'd and said as he did go,  
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,  
He did repair unto an Inne.  
Both then and after, many a brunt  
He did endure to cancell sinne:  
And having giv'n the rest before,  
He gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one  
 That ran upon him with a spear.  
 He, who came hither all alone,  
 Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,  
 Received the blow upon his side,  
 And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,  
 If ye have any thing to send or write,  
 (I have no bag, but here is room)  
 Unto my fathers hands and sight  
 (Believe me) it shall safely come.  
 That I shall mind what you impart;  
 Look, you may put it very near my heart.

X Or if hereafter any of my friends  
 Will use me in this kind, the doore  
 Shall still be open; what he sends  
 I will present, and somewhat more,  
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey  
 Any thing to me. Heark despair, away.

### ¶ The Jews.

P Oore nation, whose sweet sap and juice  
 Our cyens have purloin'd, and left you drie;  
 Whose streams we got by the Apostles sluice,  
 And use in Baptisme, while ye pine and die:  
 Who by not keeping once, became a debtor;  
 And now by keeping lose the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!  
 Oh that some Angell might a trumpet sound;  
 At which the Church falling upon her face  
 Should crie so loud, untill the trump were drown'd,  
 And by that crie of her dear Lord obtain,  
 That your sweet sap might come again!



## ¶ The collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more;  
I will abroad. \*

What? shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free; free as the roe,  
Loose as the wind, as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn

To let me bloud, and not restore

What I have lost with cordiall fruit?

Sure there was wine

Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn

Before my tears did drown it.

Is the yeare onely lost to me?

Have I no bayes to crown it?

No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?

All wasted?

Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,

And thou hast hands,

Recover all thy sigh-blown age

On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute

Of what is fit, and not: forsake thy cage,

Thy rope of sands,

Which petty thoughts have made, and made to that

Good table, to enforce and draw,

And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.

Away, take heed.

I will abroad.

Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears,

He that forbears

To suit and serve his need,

Deserves his load.

But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild

At every word,

Me thought I heard one calling, *ehild*:

And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

## ¶ The Glimpse.

W Hither away delight?  
 Thou canst but now; wilt thou so soon depart,  
 And give me up to night?  
 For many weeks of lingring pain and smart  
 But one half houre of comfort from my heart?

Me thinks delight should have  
 More skill in musick, and keep better time.  
 Wert thou a wind or wave,  
 They quickly goe and come with lesler crime:  
 Flow'rs look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay  
 Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.  
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)  
 A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat:  
 Which by the springs accessie grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart  
 Pickt here and there a crumbe, and would not die,  
 But constant to his part,  
 When as my fears foretold this, did replie,  
 A slender threed a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept  
 Must let thee goe, return when it doth knock.  
 Although thy heap be kept  
 For future times, the droppings of the stock  
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,  
 The wheel shall goe, so that thy stay be short.  
 Thou knowst how grief and sinne  
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,  
 Who by thy coming may be made a court!

Assurance.

¶ Assurance.

○ Spitefull bitter thought !

Bitterly spitefull thought ! Couldst thou invent  
So high a torture ? Is such poyson bought ?  
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,  
When wit contrives to meet with thee,  
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,  
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,  
Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow  
And coyn large hopes ; but, that I was deceiv'd ;  
Either the league was broke, or near it :  
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? what more  
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse ?  
What is thy aim ? wouldst thou unlock the doore  
To cold despairs and gnawing pensivenesse ?  
Wouldst thou raise devils ? I see, I know,  
I writ thy purpose long ago.

✱ But I will to my Father,  
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,  
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,  
Were from my self, I had not half a word,  
Not half a letter to oppose  
What is objected by my foes.

✱ But thou art my desert :  
And in this league, which now my foes invade,  
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,  
But also mine ; as when the league was made,  
Thou didst at once thy self endite,  
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,  
 Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,  
 And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quail:  
 Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,  
 Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,  
 And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought goe on,  
 Spin out thy threed, and make thereof a coat  
 To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone  
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.  
 What for it self love once began,  
 Now love and truth will end in man.

---

### ¶ The Call.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:  
 Such a Way, as gives us breath:  
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife:  
 Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:  
 Such a Light, as shows a feast:  
 Such a Feast, as mends in length:  
 Such a strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:  
 Such a joy, as none can move:  
 Such a Love, as none can part:  
 Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

## ¶ Claspings of Hands.

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,  
 If mine I am : and thine much more;  
 Then I or ought, or can be mine.  
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;  
 So that again I now am mine,  
 And with advantage mine the more :  
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine,  
 And thou with me dost thee restore.  
 If I without thee would be mine,  
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :  
 So mine thou art, that something more  
 I may presume thee mine then thine.  
 For thou didst suffer to restore  
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :  
 And with advantage mine the more,  
 Since thou in death wast none of thine,  
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.  
 O be mine still ! still make me thine :  
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

---

## ¶ Praise.

Lord, I will mean and speak thy praise,  
 Thy praise alone.  
 My busie heart shall spinne it all my dayes :  
 And when it stops for want of store,  
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,  
 That thou mayst yet have more.

*The Church.*

When thou dost favour any action,  
 It runnes, it flies :  
 All things concurre to give it a perfection.  
 That which had but two legs before. (rise  
 When thou dost blesse, hath twelve : one wheel doth  
 To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on businesse blow,  
 It hangs, it clogs :  
 Not all the teams of Albion in a row  
 Can hale or draw it out of doore.  
 Legs are but stumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,  
 And struggling hinders more.

Thousand's of things doe thee employ  
 In ruling all  
 This spacious globe : Angels must have their joy,  
 Devills their rod, the sea his shore,  
 The winds their stint : and yet when I did call,  
 Thou heardest my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear :  
 But when mine eyes  
 Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there  
 (As we have boxes for the poore)  
 Ready to take them in; yet of a size  
 That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a drop  
 From thy right eye,  
 (Which there did hand like streamers neare the top  
 Of some fair Church, to show the sore  
 And bloody battell which thou once didst trie)  
 The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore

## The Church.

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Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,  
Though press'd, runs thin ;  
O that I might some other hearts convert,  
And so take up at use good store ;  
That to thy chests there might be comming in  
Both all my praise, and more !

---

## ¶ Josephs coat.

Wounded I sing, tormented I endure,  
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest :  
Sorrow hath chang'd its note : such is his will,  
Who changeth all things as him pleaseth best.  
For well he knows, if but one grief and smart  
Among my many had his full career,  
Sure it would carry with it ev'n my heart,  
And both would run untill they found a beer  
To fetch the body ; both being due to grief.  
But he hath spoil'd the race, and giv'n to anguish  
One of Ioyes coats, ticing it with relief  
To linger in me, and together languish.  
I live to show his power, who once did bring  
My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

---

## ¶ The Pulley.

When God at first made Man,  
Having a glasse of blessings standing by ;  
Let us (said he) powre on him all we can :  
Let the worlds riches, which dispersed lie,  
Contract into a span,

So Strength first made away;  
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.  
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
 Perceiving that alone of all his treasure  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)  
 Bestow this jewell also on my creature,  
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlesse:  
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
 If goodnesse lead him not, yet wearinesse  
 May toss him to my breast.

### ¶ *The Priesthood.*

**B**lest Order, which in power dost so excell,  
 That with th' one hand thou liftest to the skie,  
 And with the other throwest down to hell  
 In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh,  
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword  
 For that of th' holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;  
 And I but earth and clay: should I presume  
 To wear thy habit, the severe attire  
 My slender compositions might consume.  
 I am both foul and brittle, much unfit  
 To deale in holy Writ.



asure.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand  
And force of fire, what curious things are made  
Of wretched earth. Where once I leorn'd to stand,  
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade  
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those  
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,  
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;  
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat  
Have one beginning and one finall summe:  
I doe not greatly wonder at the sight,  
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are  
As serve him up, who all the world commands:  
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,  
Their hands convey him who conveys their hands.  
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,  
Who bring my God to me I

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand  
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake  
Through th' old sinnes and new doctrines of our land,  
Onely, since God doth often vessels make.  
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,  
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek  
For some mean stuff whereon to show his skill:  
Then is my time. The distance of the meek  
Doth flatter power. Lest gold come short of ill  
In praising might, the poore do by submission  
What pride by opposition.

## ¶ The Search.

Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
   My Lord, my Love?  
 My searchers are my daily bread;  
   Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the skie;  
   And yet the sphere  
 And centre both to me deny  
   That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below  
   Grow green and gay;  
 As if to meet thee they did know,  
   While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above  
   Smile and shine;  
 As having keyes unto thy love,  
   While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,  
   Deepe drawn in pain,  
 Wing'd like an arrow: but my scout  
   Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having store)  
   Into a grone,  
 Because the search was dumb before:  
   But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabrick mold  
   Which favour winnes,  
 And keeps thee present, leaving th' old  
   Unto their sinnes?

Where

Where is my God ? what hidden place  
 Conceals thee still ?  
 What covert dare eclipse thy face ?  
 Is it thy will ?

O let not that of any thing :  
 Let rather brasse,  
 Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,  
 And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is,  
 As passeth thought :  
 To it all strength, all subtilties  
 Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,  
 As that to it  
 East and West touch, the poles doe kisse,  
 And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large,  
 As is thy space,  
 Thy distance from me, see my charge,  
 Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away;  
 Turn, and restore me :  
 Be not Almighty, let me say,  
 Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near ;  
 What edge so keen,  
 What point so piercing can appear  
 To come between ?

For as thy absence doth excell  
 All distance knowne  
 So doth thy nearness bear the bell,  
 Making two one.

## ¶ Grief.

**O** Who will give me tears? Come all ye springs,  
 Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds and rain:  
 My grief hath need of all the watrie things,  
 That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein  
 Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,  
 My weary weeping eyes too drie for me,  
 Unless they get new conduits, new supplies  
 To bear them out, and with my state agree.  
 What are too shallow foords, two little spouts  
 Of a lesse world? the greater is but small,  
 A narrow cupbord for my griefs and doubts,  
 Which want provision in the midst of all.  
 Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise  
 For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumbe and mute,  
 Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,  
 And keep your measures for some lovers lute,  
 Whose grief allows him musick and a rhyme:  
 For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.  
 Alas, my God!

---

## ¶ The Crosse.

**W**hat is this strange and uncouth thing?  
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint and die,  
 Untill I had some place, where I might sing,  
 And serve thee, and not onely I,  
 But all my wealth and family might combine  
 To set thy honour up, as our designe.

And then when after much delay,  
 Much wraſtling, many a combat, this dear end,  
 So much deſir'd, is giv'n to take away  
 My power to ſerve thee; to unbend  
 All my abilities, my deſignes confound,  
 And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,  
 Another in my ſoul (the memorie  
 What I would doe for thee, if once my grones  
 Could be allow'd for harmonic)  
 I am in all a weak diſabled thing,  
 Save in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Befides, things ſort not to my will,  
 Ev'n when my will doth ſtudy thy renown:  
 Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,  
 Taking me up to throw me down:  
 So that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,  
 I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be  
 Farther from it then when I bent my bow;  
 To make my hopes my torture, and the ſee  
 Of all my woes another wo,  
 Is in the mids of delicacies to need,  
 And ev'n in Paradife to be a weed.

✱ Ah my dear Father, eaſe my ſmart!  
 Theſe contrarieties crush me: theſe croſſe actions  
 Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:  
 And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions  
 Are properly a croſſe felt by thy Sonne,  
 With but foure words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

## ¶ The Flower.

+ **H**ow fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
 Are thy returns ! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring ;  
 To which, besides their own demean,  
 The late past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
 Grief melts away  
 Like snow in May,  
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart  
 Could have recover'd greenesse ? It was gone  
 Quite under ground, as flower's depart  
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown;  
 Where they together  
 All the hard weather,  
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,  
 Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell  
 And up to heaven in an houre ;  
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.  
 We say amisse,  
 This or that is :  
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,  
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither !  
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
 Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither :  
 Nor doth my flower  
 Want a spring-showre,  
 My sinnes and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,  
 Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,  
 Thy anger comes, and I decline :  
 What frost to that? what pole is not the zone  
     Where all things burn,  
     When thou dost turn,  
 And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,  
 After so many deaths I live and write ;  
 I once more smell the dew and rain,  
 And relish versing. O my onely light,  
     It cannot be  
     That I am he  
 On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,  
 To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide :  
 Which when we once can find and prove,  
 Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.  
     Who would be more,  
     Swelling through store,  
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

### ¶ Dotage.

False glozing pleasures, casks of happinesse,  
 Foolish night-fires, womens and childrens wishes,  
 Chafes in Arras, gilded emptinesse,  
 Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,  
 Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes ;  
     These are the pleasures hers.  
 True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,  
 Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,  
 Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,  
 Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,  
 Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone ;  
     These are the sorrows here.

But.

But oh the folly of distracted men,  
 Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;  
 Preferring, like bruite beasts, a lothsome den  
 Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,  
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true  
 Then miseries are here!

---

## ¶ The Sonne.

**L**Et forrain nations of their language boast,  
 What fine variety each tongue affords:  
 I like our language, as our men and coast:  
 Who cannot dreſſe it well, want wit, not words.  
 How nearly doe we give one onely name  
 To parents iſſue and the ſunnes bright ſtarre!  
 A ſonne is light and fruit, a fruitfull flame  
 Chaiſing the fathers dimmeſſe, carri'd farre  
 From the firſt man in th' Eaſt, to freſh and new  
 Weſtern diſcov'ries of poſterity.  
 So in one word our Lords humility  
 We turn upon him in a ſenſe moſt true:  
 For what Chriſt once in humbleneſſe began,  
 We him in glory call, *The Sonne of Man.*

---

## ¶ A true Hymne.

**M**y joy, my life, my crown!  
 My heart was meaning all the day,  
 Somewhat it fain would ſay:  
 And ſtill it runneth mutt'ring up and down  
 With onely this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*



Yet slight not these few words :  
If truly said, they may take part  
Among the best in art.

The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,  
When the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,  
And all the soul, and strength, and time,  
If the words onely rhyme,  
Lustily complains, that somewhat is behind  
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kind.

X Whereas if th' heart be moved,  
Although the verse be somewhat scant,  
God doth supply the want :  
As when th' heart sayes (sighing to be approved)  
O, could I love ! and stops; God writeth, Loved.

## The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow :  
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends  
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow  
Like leaves about me, or like summer-friends,  
Flies of estates and sunne-shine. But to all,  
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,  
But in my prosecutions slack and small;  
As a young exhalation, newly waking,  
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the skie;  
But cooling by the way, grows purfie and slow,  
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die  
In that dark state of tears : to all, that so  
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,  
Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

### ¶ A Dialogue-Anthem.

*Christian. Death.*

*Chr.* **A** Las, poore Death! where is thy glory?  
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. *Alas, poore mortall, void of storie!*  
*Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.*

*Chr.* Poore death! and who was hurt thereby?  
Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk : yet thou shalt die ; (worst.  
These arms shall crush thee. Chr. Spare not, do thy  
I shall be one day better then before :  
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

### ¶ The Water-course.

**T**Hou who dost dwell and linger here below,  
Since the condition of this world is frail,  
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;  
If troubles overtake thee, doe not wail:

**For who can look for lesse, that loveth**

But rather turn the pipe and waters course  
To serve thy finnes, and furnish thee with store  
Of Sov'raign tears, springing from true remorse;  
That so in purenesse thou maist him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, } Salvation.  
 } Damnation.

Self-

¶ Self-condemnation.

**T**HOU who condemnest Iewish hate,  
For choos'ing Barabas a murderer  
Before the Lord of glory ;  
Look back upon thine own estate  
Call home thine eye (that busie wanderer)  
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amisse  
This worlds delights before true Christian joy,  
Hath made a Iewish choice :  
The world an ancient murderer is ;  
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy  
With her inchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding  
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd  
False gain before the true,  
Hath done what he condemns in reading :  
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,  
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,  
And judge our selves. That light, which sin and passion  
Did before dimme and choke,  
When once those snuffs are ta'n away,  
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation;  
Without excuse or cloke.

¶ Bitter-sweet.

**H** my deare angry Lord !  
Since thou dost love, yet strike;  
Lay down, yet help afford ;  
I will doe the like.

I will complain, yet praise;  
 I will bewail, approve:  
 And all my sowre-sweet dayes  
 I will lament, and love.

---

### ¶ The Glance.

**W**Hen first thy sweet and gracious eye  
 Vouchsaf'd even in the midst of youth and night  
 To look upon me, who before did lie  
 Weltring in sin:

I felt a sugred strange delight,  
 Passing all cordials made by any art,  
 Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,  
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm  
 My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,  
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm  
 His swing and sway:

But still thy sweet originall joy  
 Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,  
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,  
 And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be  
 A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;  
 What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see  
 Thy full-ey'd love.

When thou shalt look us out of pain,  
 And one aspect of thine spend in delight  
 More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light  
 In heav'n above!

## ¶ The 23. Psalm.

The God of love my shepherd is  
 And he that doth me feed:  
 While he is mine, and I am his,  
 What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grasse,  
 Where I both feed and rest;  
 Then to the streams that gently passe:  
 In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert  
 And bring my mind in frame  
 And all this not for my desert,  
 But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode  
 Well may I walk, not fear:  
 For thou art with me; and thy rod  
 To guide, thy staffe to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,  
 Ev'n in my enemies sight:  
 My head with oyl, my cup with wine  
 Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love  
 Shall measure all my dayes;  
 And as it never shall remove,  
 So neither shall my praise.

## ¶ Mary Magdalen.

When blessed Mary wip'd her Saviours feet,  
 (Whose precepts she had trampled on before)  
 And wore them for a jewell on her head :  
 Shewing his steps should be the street,  
 Wherein she thenceforth evermore  
 With pensive humbleness would live and tread :

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive  
 To make him clean, who could not be defil'd ?  
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,  
 And not his feet ? Though we could dive  
 In tears like seas, our sinnes are pil'd  
 Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne  
 To bear her filth ! and that her sinnes did dash  
 Ev'n God himself : wherefore she was not loth,  
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,  
 So to bring in wherewith to wash :  
 And yet in washing one, she washed both.

## ¶ Aaron.

Holinesse on the head,  
 Light and perfections on the breast,  
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead  
 To lead them unto life and rest :  
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profanesse in my head,  
 Defects and darknesse in my breast,  
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead  
 Unto a place where is no rest :  
 Poore Priest thus am I drest !

Onely another head

I have, another heart and breast;  
Another musick, making live, not dead,  
Without whom I could have no rest:  
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,  
My alone onely heart and breast,  
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead;  
That to the old man I may rest,  
And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,  
Perfect and light in my dear breast,  
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,  
But lives in me while I doe rest)  
Come people; Aaron's drest.

¶ The Odour. 2. Cor. 2.

How sweetly doth My Master sound! My Master X,  
As Amber-greece leaves a rich sent  
Unto the taster:

So doe these words a sweet content,  
An orientall fragrancie, My Master.

With these all day I doe perfume my mind,  
My mind ev'n thrust into them both;  
That I might find

What cordials make this curious broth,  
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I Tpeak? O that to thee  
My servant were a little so,  
As flesh may be;

That these two words might creep and grow  
To some degree of spiciness to thee!

Then should the Pomander, which was before  
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,  
And tell me more :

For pardon of my imperfection  
Would warm and work it sweeter then before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,  
And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,  
Shall call and meet,  
*My servant*, as thee not displeasing,  
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me  
(As sweet things traffick when they meet)  
Return to thee :

And so this new commerce and sweet  
Should all my life employ and busie me.

### ¶ The Foil.

If we could see below  
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace  
As plainly as that above doth show ;  
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil  
To set off virtues, griefes to set off sinning ;  
Yet in this wretched world we toil,  
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

### ¶ The Forerunners.

The Harbingers are come. See their mark ;  
White is their colour, and behold my head.  
But must they have my brain ? must they dispart  
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred ?  
Must dulnesse turn me to a clod ?  
Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*



Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,  
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there  
I passe not, I, what of the rest become,  
So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of feare.

He will be pleased with that dittie ;  
And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

Farwell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors,  
But will ye leave me thus ? when ye before  
Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,  
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,  
Brought you to Church well drest and clad :  
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,  
Honie of roses, whither wilt thou flie ?  
Hath some fond lover tie'd thee to thy bane ?  
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie ?  
Fie, thou wilt soile thy broider'd coat,  
And hurt thy self, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,  
With canvas, not with arras, clothe their shame :  
Let folly speak in her own native tongue.  
True beauty dwells on high : ours is a flame  
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.  
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Let if you go, I passe not; take your way :  
For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye  
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.  
So birds of spring : let winter have his fee ;  
Let a bleak paleness chalk the doore,  
So all within be livelier then before.

## ¶ The Rose.

**P**Reſſe me not to take more pleaſure  
 In this world of ſugred lies,  
 And to uſe a larger meaſure  
 Then my ſtrict yet welcome ſize.

Fiſt, there is no pleaſure here :  
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,  
 Bluſhing woes, that look as clear  
 As if they could beauty ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,  
 Such delights I meant to ſay ;  
 There are no ſuch things to me,  
 Who have paſs'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe  
 Unto what you now adviſe :  
 Onely take this gentle roſe,  
 And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a roſe ?  
 What is ſweeter ? yet it purgeth.  
 Purging enmity diſcloſe,  
 Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize  
 Be contracted to a roſe ;  
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,  
 But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flow'r doth judge and ſentence  
 Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge :  
 For they all produce repentance,  
 And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physick chuse :  
 Onely though I you oppose,  
 Say that fairly I refuse,  
 For my answer is a rose.

---

¶ Discipline.

Throw away thy rod, ✕  
 Throw away thy wrath :  
 O my God,  
 Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire  
 Unto thine is bent :  
 I aspire  
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look  
 I affect to own,  
 But by book,  
 And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :  
 Thou I halt in pace,  
 Yet I creep  
 To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;  
 Love will doe the deed :  
 For with love  
 Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;  
 Love's man of warre,  
 And can shoot,  
 And can hit from farre.

Who can scape his bow,  
That which wrought not her,  
Brought thee low,  
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod;  
Though man frailties hath,  
Thou art God:  
Throw away thy wrath.

## ¶ The Invitation.

Come ye hither all, whose taste  
Is your waste;  
Save your cost, and mend your fare,  
God is here prepar'd and drest,  
And the feast;

God, in whom all dainties are:  
Come ye hither all, whom wine  
Doth define,

Naming you not to your good:  
Weep what ye have drunk amisse,  
And drink this,  
Which before ye drink is bloud.

Come ye hither all, whom pain  
Doth arraigne,  
Bringing all your sinnes to fight:  
Taste and feare not: God is here  
In this cheer,

And on sinne doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy  
Doth destroy,  
While ye graze without your bounds:  
Here is joy that drowneth quite  
Your delight,

As at fould the lower grounds.

Come

## The Church.

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Come ye hither all, whose love,  
Is your dove,  
And exalts you to the skie :  
Here is love, which having breath  
Evn in death,  
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,  
And I shall  
Still invite, still call to thee :  
For it seems but just and right  
In my sight,  
Where is all, there all should be.

---

## ¶ The Banquet.

**W**elcome sweet and sacred cheer.

Welcome dear ;  
With me, in me, live and dwell :  
For thy neatnesse passeth sight,  
Thy delight  
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl  
Fills my soul,  
Such as is, and makes divine !  
Is some starre ( fled from the sphere )  
Melted there,  
As we sugar melt in wine ?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread  
Made a head  
To subdue the smell of sinne ?  
Flower's, and gummes, and powders giving  
All their living,  
Left the enemy should winne ?

H

Doubt

Doubtlesse neither starre nor flower

Math the power

Such a sweetnesse to impart :

Onely God, who gives perfumes,

Flesh assumes,

And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood

Still are good,

Yet being bruised are better sented;

God, to shew how farre his love

Could improve,

Here, as broken is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,

And on earth

In delights of earth was drown'd ;

God took bloud, and needs would be

Spilt with me,

And so found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,

In a cup

Sweetly he doth meet my taste.

But I still being low and short,

Farre from court,

Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I flie

To the skie :

Where I wipe mine eyes, and see

What I seek, for what I sue,

Him I view,

Who hath done so much for me.

Let

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Let the wonder of this pitie  
 Be my dittie,  
 And take up my lines and life :  
 Hearken under pain of death,  
 Hands and breath,  
 Strive in this, and love the strife,

---

¶ The Posie.

LEt wits contest,  
 And with their words and posies windows fill :  
*Lesse then the least*  
 Of all thy mercies, is my posie still.

This on my ring,  
 This by my picture, in my book I write :  
 Whether I sing,  
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,  
 Comparisons go play, wit ule thy will :  
*Lesse then the least*  
 Of all Gods mercies, is my posie still.

---

¶ A Parodie.

Souls joy, when thou art gone,  
 And I alone,  
 Which cannot be,  
 Because thou dost abide with me,  
 And I depend on thee;  
 Yet when thou dost suppressie  
 The cheerfulnesse  
 Of thy abode,  
 And in my powers not stirre abroad,  
 But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and shade  
Doth me invade !  
No stormy night  
Can so afflict or so affright,  
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,  
Lest want of aw  
Make sinne appear;  
And when thou dost but shine lesse' clear,  
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,  
While sinne doth rave,  
And falsely boast,  
That I may seek, but thou art lost ;  
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold  
Doth me infold !  
I half believe  
That Sin sayes true : but while I grieve,  
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

### ¶ The Elixir.

Teach me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see;  
And what I doe in any thing,  
To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,  
To runne into an action ;  
But still to make thee prepossest,  
And give it his perfection.



A man that looks on glasse,  
On it may stay his eye:  
Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,  
And then the hear'n espies

All may of thee partake:  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
Makes druggerie divine,  
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone,  
That turneth all to gold:  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for lesse be told.

¶ Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deserved praise,  
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,  
I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,  
My crooked winding wayes wherein I live,  
Wherein I die, not live: for life is straight,  
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,  
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,  
Then deceit seems above simplicitie.  
Give me simplicitie, that I may live,  
So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,  
Know them and practise them: then shall I give  
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

## ¶ Death.

**D**Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing;  
 Nothing but bones,  
 The sad effect of sadder groines;  
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some fix  
 Or ten years hence,  
 After the losse of life and sense,  
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;  
 Where we did find  
 The shells of hedge souls left behind,  
 Drie dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some bloud  
 Into thy face,  
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,  
 Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we doe now behold thee gay and glad,  
 As at dooms-day;  
 When souls shall wear their new array,  
 And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust  
 Half that we have,  
 Unto an honest faithfull grave;  
 Making our pillows either down or dust.

¶ Dooms.

**¶ Dooms-day.**

**Come away,**

**Make no delay.**

**Summon all the dust to rise,  
Till it stirre and rub the eyes;  
While this member jogs the other,  
Each one whispering, Live ye, brother.**

**Come away,**

**Make this the day.**

**Dust, alas, no musick feels,  
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,  
As peculiar notes and strains  
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.**

**Come away,**

**O make no stay!**

**Let the graves make their confession,  
Left at length they plead possession:  
Flesh's stubbornness may have  
Read that lesson to the grave.**

**Come away,**

**Thy flock doth stray,**

**Some to winds their body lead,  
And in them may drown a friend:  
Some in noysome vapours grow  
To a plague and publick wo.**

**Come away,**

**Help our decay.**

**Man is out of order hurl'd,  
Parcell'd out to all the world.  
Lord, thy broken consort raise,  
And the musick shall be praise.**

**¶ Judge**

## The Church.

### Judgment.

**A**lmighty Judge, how shall poore wretches brook  
Thy dreadfull look,  
Able an heart of iron to appall,

When thou shalt call  
For ev'ry mans peculiar book,

What others mean to doe, I know not well:

Yet I heare tell,  
That some will turn thee to some leaves the rein  
So void of sinne,

That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,

That to decline,  
And thrust a testament into thy hand;

Let that be scann'd:  
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

### Heaven.

**O** Who will show me those delights on high?

*Echo.* I.

Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know,

*Echo.* No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?

*Echo.* Leaves.

And are there any leaves that still abide?

*Echo.* Bide.

What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.

*Echo.* Holy.

Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse?

*Echo.* Yes.

Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?

*Echo.* Light.

Light

Light to the mind : what shall the will enjoy ?

But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure

Light, joy, and leisure? but shall they persever ?

Echo. Ever.

★ ¶ Love

Love bade me Welcome, yet my soul drew back,  
 Guilty of dust and sinne,  
 But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack  
 From my first entrance in,  
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
 If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:  
 Love said, You shall be he,  
 I the unkind, ungratefull ? Ah my dear,  
 I cannot look on thee,  
 Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
 Who made the eyesbuike

Truth Lord? but I have marr'd them : let my shame  
 Go where it doth deserve.  
 And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame  
 My dear , then I will serve,  
 You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:  
 So I did sit and eat.

PINIS

Glory be to God on high, & on earth peace  
 Good will to a' ds mon.



## The Church Militant.

**A**lmighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne  
 Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one :  
 The smallest ant or atome knows thy power,  
 Known also to each minute of an houre :  
 Much more doe Common-weals acknowledge thee,  
 And wrap their policies in thy decree,  
 Complying with thy counsels, doing nought  
 Which doth not meet with an eternall thought:  
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove  
 Not the decrees or power, but bands of love.  
 Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,  
 Which might the more indear it to be thine.  
 Spices come from the east; so did thy Spouse,  
 Trimme as the light, sweet as the laden boughs  
 Of *Noah's* shady vine, chaste as the dove ;  
 Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.  
 The course was westward, that the sunne might light  
 As well our understanding as our sight.  
 Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began  
 To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.  
*Moses* pursu'd this : but King *Solomon*  
 Finisht and fixt the old religion.  
 When it grew loose, the *Iewes* did hope in vain  
 By nayling *Christ* to fasten it again.  
 But to the Gentiles he bore crosse and all,  
 Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.  
 Onely whereas the Ark in glory shone,  
 Now with the crosse, as with a staff, alone,  
 Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,

Knocking at all doores ever as she went.  
 Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,  
 Listens behind him, and allows some light,  
 Till all depart: so went the Church her way,  
 Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay  
 Among the eastern nations for a time,  
 Till both removed to the western clime.  
 To Egypt first she came, where they did prove  
 Wonders of anger once, but now of love.  
 The ten Commandements there did flourish more  
 Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.  
 Moly *Macarius* and great *Antonie*  
 Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' history.  
*Gosben* was darknesse, Egypt full of lights,  
*Nilus* for monsters brought forth Israelites.  
 Such power hath mighty Baptisme to produce  
 For things mishapen, things of highest use.  
 How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!

*Who may with thee compare?*

Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts  
 Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.  
 Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,  
 Sophisters taken in a fishers net.  
*Plato* and *Aristotle* were at a losse,  
 And wheel'd about again to spell *Christs-Crosse*.  
 Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den,  
 And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.  
 Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did,  
 And Rome as both; yet Egypt faster rid,  
 And spent her period and prefixed time  
 Before the other. Greece being past her prime,  
 Religion went to Rome, subduing those  
 Who that they might subdue, made all their foes.  
 The Warriour his dear skarres no more resounds,  
 But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds;  
 Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,  
 Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The great heart stoups, and taketh from the dust  
 A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust;  
 Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again  
 Him in his members, who for him was slain.  
 The shepherds hook grew to a scepter here;  
 Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.  
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them  
 Who were cut short in *Alexanders* stemme.  
 In both of these prowess and Arts did tame  
 And tune mens hearts against the Gospell came :  
 Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,  
 Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.  
 Many a wrent and struggling th' Empire knew,  
 (As dying things are wont) untill it flew  
 At length to *Germanie*, still westward bending,  
 And there the Churches festivall attending :  
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,  
 (For no lesse Harbingers Would serve then they)  
 So they might still, and point us out the place  
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast face.  
 Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;  
 Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.  
*Spain* in the Empire shar'd with *Germany*,  
 But *England* in the higher victory ;  
 Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,  
 And not go lesse then she had done of late.  
*Constantines* Brittain line meant this of old,  
 And did this mysterie wrap up and fold  
 Within a sheet of paper, which was rent  
 From Times great Chronicle, and hither sent.  
 Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran  
 Unto the farthest old meridian.  
 How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !  
 Who may with thee compare ?  
 Much about one and the same time and place,  
 Both where and when the Church began her race.

Sinne

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Sinne did set out of an Eastern *Babylon*,  
And travell'd westward also : journeying on  
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,  
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.  
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow  
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow ;  
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,  
Who for a god clearly a faller lost.  
Ah ! what a thing is man devoid of grace,  
Adoring garlick with an humble face,  
Begging his food of that which he may eat,  
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat !  
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,  
If God and man be sever'd infinitely !  
What wretchedness can give him any room,  
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom ?  
None will believe this now, though money be  
In us the same transplanted foolerie.  
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while ;  
His highest was an ox or crocodile,  
And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth passe ;  
And being craftier much then goodnesse was,  
He left behind him garrisons of sinnes,  
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.  
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed  
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased :  
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell  
As well what should befall, as what befell.  
Nay, he became a Poet, and would serve  
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.  
The world came both with hands and purses full  
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.  
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit ;  
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait  
To credit him, and to discredit those  
Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before  
 He was a God, now hee's an Emperour.  
 Now and others lodg'd him bravely there,  
 Put him in trust to rule the *Romane* sphere.  
 Glory was his chief instrument of old;  
 Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold,  
 Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame;  
 That though our Saviour did destroy the game,  
 Disparking oracles and all their treasure,  
 Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;  
 Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy  
 Cheat the most subtil nations. Who so coy,  
 So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt*, yet their hearts  
 Are giv'n over for their curious arts,  
 To such Mahometane stupidities,  
 As the old heathen would deem prodigies.  
 Now dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!

*who may with thee compare?*

Onely the West and *Rome* doe keep them free  
 From this contagious infidelity.  
 And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,  
 As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.  
 Sinne being not able to extirpate quite  
 The Churches here bravely resolv'd one night  
 To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:  
 The old debauched ruffian would turn whiter.  
 I saw him in his study, where he sat  
 Busie in controversies sprung of late.  
 A gown and pen became him wondrous well:  
 His grave aspect had more of heav'n than hell:  
 Onely there was a handsome picture by,  
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.  
 As sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,  
 And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperour;  
 So now being Priest he plainly did professe  
 To make a jest of Christs three offices:

The rather since his scatter'd juglings were  
United now in one both time and sphere.  
From *Egypt*, he took petty deities,  
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,  
And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,  
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.  
Then in memoriall of his ancient throne,  
He did surname his palace *Babylon*.  
Yet, that he might the better gain all nations,  
And make that name good by their transmigrations;  
From all these places, but at divers times,  
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :  
From *Egypt* Anchorisme and retirednesse,  
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelinessse :  
And blending these, he carri'd all mens eyes,  
While truth sat by, counting his victories :  
Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use  
Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;  
But did bewitch, and finely work each nation  
Into a voluntary transmigration.  
All poste to *Rome* : Princes submit their necks  
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.  
It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,  
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre.  
Therefore he sent out able ministers,  
Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers :  
Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme  
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome ;  
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,  
That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule,  
As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist ;  
So both together are one Antichrist,  
Yet with two faces, as their *Ianus* was ;  
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.  
*How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !*  
*Who may with thee compare ?*

Thus sinne triumphs in Western *Babylon* ;  
 Yet not as sinne, but as Religion.  
 Of his two thrones he made the latter best,  
 And to defray his journey from the east.  
 Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,  
 As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light,  
 When th' one did set, the other did take place,  
 Confronting equally the law and grace.  
 They are hells land-marks, Satans double crest :  
 They are sinnes nipples, feeding th' east and west.  
 But as in vice the copie still exceeds  
 The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds ;  
 So, though sinne made his latter seat the better,  
 The latter Church is to the first a debter.  
 The second Temple could not reach the first ;  
 And the late reformation never durst  
 Compare with ancient times and purer years ;  
 But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.  
 Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade ;  
 Till such a darknesse do the world invade  
 At Christs last comming, as his first did find :  
 Yet must there such proportions be assign'd  
 To these diminishings, as is between  
 The spacious world and *Jewry* to be seen.  
 Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,  
 Ready to palse to the *American* strand.  
 When height of malice and prodigious lusts,  
 Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts  
 ( The marks of future bane ) shall fill our cup  
 Unto the brim, and make our measure up :  
 When *Scin* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*,  
 By letting in them both, pollutes her streams :  
 When *Italy* of us shall have her will,  
 And all her calendar of sinnes fulfill ;  
 Wheremy one may foretell, what sinnes next yeare  
 Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer :

Then

Then shall Religion to *America* flee :  
 They have their times of Gospell, even as we.  
 My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,  
 By carrying first their gold from them away :  
 For gold and grace did never yet agree :  
 Religion alwayes sides with povertie.  
 We think we rob them, but we think amisse :  
 We are more poore, and they more rich by this.  
 Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace  
 To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place  
 To goe to them, while that which now their nation  
 But lends to us, shall be our desolation.  
 Yet as the Church shall thither westward flee,  
 So sinne shall trace and dog her instantly :  
 They have their period also and set times  
 Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.  
 And where of old the Empire and the Arts  
 Usher'd the Gospell ever in mens hearts,  
*Spain* hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,  
 The Church shall come, and sin the Church shall see  
 That when they have accomplished the round, (th  
 And met in th' east their first and ancient sound,  
 Judgement may meet them both & search them rou  
 Thus doe both lights, as well in Church as sunne,  
 Light one another, and together runne.  
 Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still  
 The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.  
 But as the Sunne still goes both west and east,  
 So also did the Church by going west  
 Still eastward go ; because it drew more near  
 To time and place, where judgement shall appear.  
 How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !  
 Who may with thee compare ?

L' Envoy



## ¶ L' Envoy.

**K**ing of Glory, King of Peace,  
 With the one make warre to cease;  
 With the other blesse thy sheep,  
 Thee to love, in thee to sleep.  
 Let not sinne devoure thy fold,  
 Bragging that thy blood is cold,  
 That thy death is also dead,  
 While his conquests dayly spread;  
 That thy flesh hath lost his food,  
 And thy Crosse is common wood.  
 Choke him, let him say no more,  
 But reserve his breath in store,  
 Till thy conquests and his fall  
 Make his sigh to use it all,  
 And then bargain with the wind  
 To discharge what is behind.

*Blessed be God alone,  
 Thrice blessed Three in One.*

FINIS.

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**FINIS**

Q. John Jones

Mr. John Jones  
of the County of  
the State of

11/11/11  
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